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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

I LOVE the flowers whose softly tinted
faces
By dusty road or hedgeside meet the gaze,
Clothing with beauty earth's unlovely
places,
Freshest and sweetest in life's common
ways.
Their mission is so lofty, yet so lowly —
Brightening the rugged paths of daily toil,
Their lesson is so simple, yet so holy —
Such gracious growths may spring from
stony soil !
Hands, labor worn, which have but little
leisure,
Pause in their work these untrained blooms
to cull ;
World weary hearts throb fast again with
pleasure
At sight of things so pure and beautiful.
Through dust and mire their stainless
petals glisten ;
They choose the world's waste ground to
make it fair ;
And whisper in the ear that stoops to
listen :
" Sweetness and grace may flourish every-
where."

Chambers' Journal.

Love and Sorrow met in May,
Crowned with rue and hawthorn-spray,
And Sorrow smiled.
Scarce a bird of all the spring
Durst between them pass and sing,
And scarce a child.

Love put forth his hand to take
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,
Her crown of rue.
Sorrow cast before her down
Even for love's sake Love's own crown,
Crowned with dew.

Winter breathed again, and spring
Covered and shrank with wounded wing
Down out of sight.
May, with all her loves laid low,
Saw no flowers but flowers of snow
That mocked her flight.

Love rose up with crownless head
Smiling down on springtime dead,
On wintry May.
Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,
Like a cloud in clearing skies,
Passed away.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

σκιὰς ὄναρ ἀνθρώπου.
(Pindar, Pyth. viii.)

SHAFTS of the bitter North !
Edged with sharp hail and feathered with
the flake,
Already hurtling forth,
Where the tarn shivers and dead rushes
shake
Upon the biting wind,
Echoes of all the years,
Summers and autumns dead, that lie be-
hind,
Laughters dissolved in tears,
Griefs that have set their hands upon my
head,
Ye chant into my ears.
Heralds of tempest-time !
Winding your sleety music in the hills,
Answering sublime
The gathering thunder of a thousand rills,
Spray-jewelled with the young Novem-
ber rime.

Happy who, listening,
Through your tumultuous revelry can hear
Sworn promise of the spring.
To me, who tread the perilous darkness
near,
Ye speak this bitter thing.
Alas for him who yields !
Alas for him whose hopes be all confined
Within the barren fields
That march with death ! 'Tis not to reap
nor bind.
'Tis not to garner with the blest who deem
The fruit of life is richer than a dream.
Speaker. S. W. DE LYS.

IN TRUST.

FOLDED hands and sealed eyes,
Kiss them once and come away,
Leave her till the darkness dies,
Till the dawning of the day.
Nay ; you cannot leave her so ?
You were wont to watch her cot ;
She may wake when wild winds blow,
Seem forsaken, feel forgot.
. . . On Llangathen's slopes she sleeps,
Waiting till the night be done ;
Overhead a still host keeps
Watch above our little one.
Trust her, trust her to the Night,
To the Earth — the Stars above.
Though He linger, He is Light ;
God will wake her — God is Love.
JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD, M.A.

From The Nineteenth Century.

UPPER HOUSES IN MODERN STATES.

THE ITALIAN SENATE.

BY THE MARCHESI F. NOBILI-VITELLESCHI,
(Senator of Italy).

I.

AMONG those problems, neither few nor easy, which have arisen with the advent of democracy in the political constitution of the modern State, the problem of the Upper House is, certainly, neither the least important nor the least difficult to solve.

When there was a distinct line of demarcation between the classes, and their interests were separate, it was a natural consequence that each of them should be represented in the political constitution of the State in such a manner as to reciprocally conciliate their influence in common interests, and for the better ordering of public affairs under either a republican or a monarchical *régime*. In this combination, the Commons, or Lower Chamber, represented the interests of the *bourgeoisie*, or rather the working-classes; those to whom government owes its most active resources, and whose interests derive from government the most practical and positive results. The Upper Chamber, standing above the Lower, with its essentially moderative functions, represented—rather than the individual interests of a class—the high political interests of a State, whatever may have been its constitution; because the classes whence it was recruited generally possessed political authority over the whole country in the widest sense of the words—that is to say, with all it contains of ideals, aspirations, mysteries not always accessible to ordinary mortals, but yet the special vocation of those classes. Thus in the oldest European constitutions nearly all the Upper Houses were hereditary.

As intermediaries between the people and the crown, these powers, having perfectly distinct characteristics, have as often stemmed the ambition of princes as bridled the impulses of the masses. It is true that the respective classes represented have not seldom

made use of the power wielded by them for their own advantage, and for the preservation and extension of their respective privileges. None the less is their history bound up with all the glories of the nations to which they belonged.

But although class distinction has disappeared in the dead level of modern society, the two Chambers have remained in the constitutional traditions of the divers States. Yet while their *raison d'être* is still evident in the practical working of a constitution, their relations to this constitution have remained undefined and difficult to define.

In a word, it is easy to understand that as long as divine right and the will of the people confronted each other, the second stood as a limit to the first, by reason of this dual organism, and that, *vice versa*, the first should hold the second within its proper boundaries. But since the will of the people has been substituted everywhere and in everything as the sole basis of power, the rational means of creating within itself a controlling or moderating power is as yet a problem that has not met with adequate solution.

Yet, practically speaking, independently of their origin, the co-existence of the two Chambers is none the less necessary for the working of a constitution under a representative *régime*. A single Chamber against which there is no appeal cannot be conceived in a normal government, possessing elements of lasting vitality. If the errors of despots, susceptible of being redressed because they presuppose a responsibility in him who commits them, are of such grave consequence to the nations who are the victims of them, what is to be expected of those of an anonymous, mutable, and irresponsible assembly, whose errors are therefore often irreparable?

Thus it is that one of the great questions which agitate the modern world and are yet far from their solution consists in the need of producing an Upper Chamber, in the difficulty of its rational

construction, and above all in its endowment with the necessary power. For it must not be forgotten that the difficulty does not consist only in placing it on a different basis from the popular assemblies, but on a basis sufficiently solid and potent to permit, should the need arise, of competing with them. In the actual conditions of the unlimited extension of franchise, it behoves us to seek that which will secure proportional strength on both sides—a problem which, supposing the same base to both of them, contains a contradiction within itself.

On the other hand, *est periculum in mora*. The passions that are stirred by grave and stirring questions, with every movement of modern society, which by reason of extended franchise are communicated the more rapidly to the masses and to the lowest depths of communities, whence they are reflected in the popular assemblies that represent them, expose them to innumerable eventualities; never, perhaps, have they had greater need of a strong control in their functions than at the present time. To find it, or something approaching it, may be one of the conditions of existence of modern democratic constitutions.

The solutions which this question has met with in different countries differ according to the action of gradual modification that is introduced into ancient constitutions or newly founded ones. But with regard to the principles that inform them, they may be reduced to three: the Upper House that is hereditary; the Upper House for life and by royal decree; the Upper House by election. In some constitutions these principles are combined, thus forming mixed systems. But, as a rule, the bases upon which stand existing Upper Houses are those we have indicated: viz., heredity, royal decree, or popular election. Needless to say that each responds to a different concept of the origin of power. The first remains as a trace of ancient feudal power. The second represents a mode of compromise between divine right and the will of the people. The last

is the product of new constitutional powers. And before proceeding further in the search of any tentative solution of the problem, we will pause to examine briefly these three forms of the constitution of an Upper House in relation to the needs and functions of modern society.

The hereditary Upper House may possibly continue to exist for an indefinite period in countries where it is still working, according to the intrinsic value of the elements of which it is composed. Where it exists, there exists classes who, although not officially recognized as such, are yet more especially the depositories of the theoretical knowledge and the possessors of the practical aptitude for government. A country may still be considered fortunate, but for *a priori* reasons, in the possession of such a tradition, which is a veritable school of high politics, exercising on the masses a salutary and moderating influence.

But except under these conditions—from the fact that, even where this system is already working, it is susceptible of alteration or decadence—there is no longer any reason in the world to give the legislative power to any certain number of families; to one more than to the other. It is a concept which has no longer any basis in modern law. An hereditary House, despite the advantages it might have in certain cases, is inconceivable in a modern democracy, without the sanction of a tradition that is sustained by its own practical utility, with regard to the local conditions in which it has its being.

Continuing by way of elimination, let us consider the Upper House on the elective system. We have already indicated the radical difficulty in the way of the practical application of this system. Given an absolute, unanimous popular will, formulated by a majority, how is it to be divided into two distinct manifestations sufficiently distinct to be capable of reciprocally controlling and contradicting each other? All sorts of experiments have been made to circumvent this difficulty and many formulas have been nominally discov-

ered, but in societies not possessing class distinctions, political election really stands for popular election. Whether this be of higher or lower calibre, so long as the people elect the members of both houses, the representation of both is the same, and therefore it would not be rational to expect of them to reciprocally modify each other. In those federations where the Upper House sometimes represents the different States of the federation the only cases occur in which that assembly may claim a separate origin. But with other nations, when the Upper House is elective, the two Chambers are the dual representatives of the same element, and superfluous, therefore, when they agree, while, when they dissent, their dissension lacks the justification of reason and logic. But if an election should take place without regard to the majority in the popular vote, which is the basis of the elective Upper House—given the other conditions and the other objection, to which we alluded above—which would be an adequate basis to it; in one word, who is to moderate the will of all?

There remains the Upper House by royal decree. It represents a compromise between divine right and the will of the people as manifested in elective Chambers. This is its historical figure. But practically in modern law it is founded on the concept of permanent and perpetual royal authority, which is, through these very qualifications, identified with the interests of the nation and stands above the various parties in conditions specially adapted to form, from the best elements of the nation, an assembly that can work as a moderator of assemblies on a popular basis.

Meanwhile, before we examine the value of this concept, we may begin by stating that it is the only logical and even possible one in a monarchy not possessing an hereditary Chamber.

Indeed, apart from what has been said above with regard to elective Chambers and their origin, we must recognize the fact that a monarchical government is irreconcilable with un-

limited and absolute exercise of the popular will.

As long as monarchy continues to exist—a form of government which most European States owe to their past and which contains guarantees for the solidarity and continuation of these States—howsoever we may endeavor and succeed in conciliating it with the will of the people, this combination can never be other than a compromise between royal and popular prerogatives. Between the two extreme limits of the absolute power of a monarch and the absolute will of the people stand those constitutional monarchies, embodiments of a policy inclining towards one or the other direction. But as soon as one of these two forms of power becomes paralyzed, the government to which it belongs changes its aspect; it becomes one thing or another, but is no longer a constitutional government.

Besides, practically, and, so to speak, materially, even the most absolute monarchical power is based on the consent of populations. No monarchical power is practicable without this consent, tacit or expressed. A sovereign reigns so long as it is the will of his people; be it that they yield themselves in tacit submission or that their consent is expressed. Between complete submission and absolute rebellion there are infinite gradations that serve as bases to the various monarchical constitutions which have been evolved in the world. But when a people resumes the full and complete exercise of its will, actual and practical, therewith to conduct its own government, a monarch ceases to reign. The mere fact of this unlimited and absolute exercise of power on the part of the people in a monarchical nation changes the character of its government and substitutes a republic for a monarchy.

Therefore, in the economy of the constitutional monarchical *régime* the regal element is represented by the Upper House, be it hereditary or for life, under royal decree.

A monarchy may be changed into a republic, but a monarch cannot be con-

fronted with two Houses that directly represent the people without bringing about his abdication.

II.

If, proceeding by process of elimination, we recognize the opportuneness, nay, the comparative necessity, of this system in monarchical constitutions, what is to be said of its practical convenience from the standpoint of the value and efficacy that may reside in an Upper House named and chosen by the head of the State?

We have indicated the concept on which is founded the idea of the royal decree, which is that the king is privileged by his high position, which identifies him with the interests of the State and raises him above party passions, to make this choice. Yet the necessary conditions for ensuring the *prestige* and authority of the Upper House cannot be sought only in the royal decree; more often they are to be found in the constitution, especially if it be a modern one; they are indicated by divers systems which work by their own rules and limitations.

We will cite, as an example, the statute granted in 1848 by King Charles Albert to the kingdom of Sardinia, which has since become the statute of the kingdom of Italy.

That part of it which relates to the Upper House, entitled Senate, is very simple. The appointment of an unlimited number of life-senators is reserved to the king. But the royal prerogative of appointment is limited to twenty-one categories of persons past the age of forty. It is only among these that the king can choose his senators. A permanent committee is formed within the Senate for the verification of their qualifications, which examines the titles of persons appointed to this office, and especially their place in the categories indicated in the statute. The report of the committee on each candidate is submitted to the assembly and carried by a majority. And on that vote depends the confirmation of the royal appointment. It is seldom that the royal choice does

not meet with the approbation of the Senate, but there have been such examples, and in that case the royal decree has no effect. This is a summary account of the basis upon which the Upper Chamber of the kingdom of Italy is founded, wherein the principal clauses are: a definite category whence the members of the Upper Chamber may be chosen;¹ royal warrant; confirmation by the Senate of the appointment of its members.²

We cite the statute of the kingdom of Italy, because it contains the germ of an idea which perhaps existed in the mind of the legislator, but which in any case is pregnant with a rational solution of this grave problem. And,

¹ Art. 33. The Senate is composed of life-members, appointed by the king, of unlimited number, being over the age of forty, and chosen from among the following categories:—

1. Archbishops and Bishops of the State.
2. The president of the Chamber of Deputies.
3. Deputies who have served under three governments or have been Members of Parliament for six years.
4. Ministers of State.
5. Ministers Secretaries of State.
6. Ambassadors.
7. Envoys Extraordinary, after three years' service.
8. Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Courts of Cassation and of the Treasury.
9. Presidents of the Courts of Appeal.
10. The Advocate-General to the Courts of Cassation and the Procurator-General, after five years of office.
11. Vice-Presidents (*di classe*) of the Court of Appeal, after three years' service.
12. Councillors of the Court of Cassation and of the Treasury, after three years' service.
13. Advocates-General or Procurators-Fiscal-General to the Courts of Appeal, after five years' service.
14. General officers of the Army and Navy; but Major-Generals and Vice-Admirals must have held such rank for five years.
15. Councillors of State, after five years' service.
16. Members of the Councils of Division [County Councillors?], after three years' election to their Presidency.
17. General Intendants (*Intendenti-Generali*), after seven years' service.
18. Members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, after seven years of membership.
19. Members of the Higher Council of Public Instruction, after seven years' service.
20. Those who by service or merit are an honor to their country.
21. Persons who for three years have paid three thousand lire of taxes on their property or industry (commerce).

² Art. 60. Every Chamber is only competent in judging the validity of the admission of her own members.

indeed, if we carefully examine those categories,¹ we perceive that they include all that a nation can possess of intellectual, economic, and political life, such as is capable of organization and of the development of classes; in a word, they include, if we may use the word without contradiction, the concept of an aristocracy, the only aristocracy possible in a democracy; everything in it that has a claim to rise above the common level, to exercise a power, striving, working, and imbuing society with life and progress. That is to say, nominally and ostensibly, all those who occupy high office in Church, army, navy, law, and finance; those who have obtained a certain number of suffrages in administrative or political elections; those members who have sat for a certain time in the Lower House; the members of certain scientific bodies that are a guarantee of the capacity of those who belong to them; those who have distinguished themselves by special merit or by service rendered to the country; and, all those who being possessors permanently of a certain wealth either as proprietors or as *industriels* or under any other form, have a natural and necessary right to be considered useful instruments in the economy and well-being of a State.

Now it is evident that these categories must include the most active forces of a country. And if anything can, with any hope of result, be confronted with the populations, considered as numbers and masses, controlling without offending them, it can be nought else but this highest product, organized and disciplined according to some system; not only because it commands their respect to which it is entitled, but because it represents their interests.

That is why it appears to us that, given the necessity of the royal decree in a monarchical State, its creation from among the highest manifestations of every kind in the intellectual, economic, and political life of the country is a pregnant concept and one worthy of the highest consideration.

There can be no doubt that, although the actual system of appointment by royal decree does not establish *a priori* the infallibility of the sovereign, it is the best possible system, with regard to the idea presupposed as its basis.

But in order that it can come to pass that the Upper House should be the best possible manifestation of regal power, it must really emanate from the king. Now this is just what does not happen in modern States in the Upper Chambers by royal decree.

It is evident that in the exercise of their power, monarchs cannot do otherwise than avail themselves of the co-operation of their councillors; the name borne by cabinet ministers and one of their offices is "Councillors of the Crown." This concept indicates a subordinate power which can in no way lessen or weaken the supreme power of the crown. But in modern States, the ministers who form a Cabinet are in reality the representatives and mandataries of majorities.

The ever-growing prevalence of the influence and authority with which the extension of franchise has endowed the will of the people, and which by means of the elections is in direct and immediate communication with the Chambers and their majorities, exercises so serious a pressure on the governments that owe their existence to them that the office of councillors of the crown becomes merged in that of interpreter of the will of the people and executor of its mandates. That is why the cabinet ministers of to-day, instead of counselling, press upon monarchs with all the weight of popular will so completely that not even the election of the Senate has remained uninfluenced by them. Thus it is that in our time, in countries under constitutional *régime*, where the Upper Chamber is nominally dependent on the royal decree, it is in reality always elected by the government, and therefore a product of the dominant majority in the Lower House, owing its final origin to the will of the people. It goes without saying, the whole system thus falls to pieces, and the compromise between

¹ See p. 134, note 1.

royal and popular power is entirely to the advantage of the latter, with all the attendant consequences and drawbacks.

This is the worst possible solution, for popular will, filtered through a government, becomes so altered and transformed that it is no longer the same which, with its attendant advantages and defects, produces elective Chambers. Instead of being a direct and original factor, it too often becomes the instrument of those intrigues that are ever stirring round and about the *pro tempore* depositors of power and all that it entails. In these conditions, the appointment of an Upper Chamber loses the high advantages of the royal decree, without acquiring those that appertain to the popular vote, viz., the authority and strength which come from it, and even that one which should be vested in its members according to their respective categories, including the prestige of their personal qualities, annulled as it is by the more or less arbitrary opportunism of government appointments. There can be nothing more absurd and contradictory than a government that prepares and creates its own judges and legislators according to its own sweet will.

Therefore, if, on one side, an Upper House whose members are appointed by the king is the only admissible one under a monarchy, on the other it is evident that in the existing complex conditions of the modern State, it cannot work unless withdrawn from the invading influence of executive power, which can no longer be considered as the council-chamber of a crown, but rather as the simple emanation of popular will.

The problem of the Upper House in European monarchies does not consist in changing the basis of its origin, viz., the royal prerogative of choosing its members, but in protecting it from influences that perturb and alter its nature, not with a view to restore it to its primitive simplicity, but to provide it with others which cannot destroy its character, an entirely different one from that of the Lower House.

We have said that the Italian statute

contains the germ of the solution of this grave problem, for the very reason that it must open to bear fruit.

Given, as they stand in this statute, the categories of persons eligible for royal appointment, why should not the candidature of these categories, for their respective candidates, be substituted for that of the Cabinet?

This substitution would not only eliminate the opportunist political influence of the government in the construction of the highest assembly of the State, but that institution would gain the great advantage of exchanging what has hitherto been an empty title for a representative one. The dignitaries of various degrees chosen by government as members of an Upper House presently do not represent, nor claim to represent, anybody but themselves. The body to which they belong is alienated from their elevation, and this honor does not imply any representation of these categories in Parliament, nor does the person elected receive from them any responsibility or authority.

Members elected by the government can but be supporters of the government; their sole responsibility is to the government which has elected them; their only authority must emanate from government. And this is what paralyzes the action of assemblies that are thus composed.

Now, although we may indulge in every hypothesis as to the future of the two Chambers in a democratic State, no other formula offers possibilities of their vitality and usefulness but that of opposing to the unreasoning and almost instinctive vote of the masses the rational and deliberate vote of the intellectual and industrious classes. It is the only means of preserving the distinctive character of the two assemblies—to every one his own vocation and the office to which it appertains in the ordering of the State. It is most vital to restore to the Upper House, in value, that which the Lower House has gained by the extension of franchise; each retaining their respective power and authority, so that the equi-

librium of the Constitution may remain undisturbed.

The categories designated in the Italian statute exist in every monarchy and in every republic. When we suggested that each should propose its own candidate to the Upper House rather than Cabinet ministers, it is self-evident that we only had in view nations under monarchical rule, where, to preserve the prestige and authority of the crown, the intervention of the classes represented should be limited to the right to propose the candidate, without encroaching on the royal prerogative. To this end it would be necessary to found in those categories where it is possible colleges having the power to vote and to designate to the king their candidates.

It would be the first step towards confronting those classes with the uncertain future, which is gradually menacing the grave interests in their keeping, and which they represent in front of the ungovernable currents of the masses. In republican countries, these classes might form themselves into electoral colleges, each representing the interests with which it is identified. These interests are, indeed, national interests. Under cover of that liberty which offers every facility of assimilation and appreciation to popular passions, it is but just that to those institutions which guarantee liberty in its widest sense be conceded a means of defence. This is, perhaps, the only means of attaining a rational conservatism, and in countries governed by a monarchy, to imbue the royal power with the spirit of the times, and in any case to rule the people for the people's sake, governing its passions by its reason, and to place modern constitutions in a position to face the grave questions by which they are menaced.

The subject is worthy of a development not permissible within the margin of an article. It seemed to us opportune to give vent to a thought that lurks in the youngest of European statutes, in the hope that it might cast a little light on one of the most difficult and complex questions of our day.

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MANETTE ANDREY; OR, LIFE DURING
THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY PAUL PERRET.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

IV.

MANETTE's sleeping room was nearly as carefully adorned and as luxuriously furnished as that of Citoyenne Andrey. There was the same carved woodwork on the walls, which receded so as to form a small alcove, which contained a bed; but curtains of thick, pale blue silk brocaded with a pattern in silver grey relieved the general simplicity. Manette was rich, for M. Andrey had been in a position to buy with her money the great farm of Vélizy, the confiscated property of an emigrant noble.

On the wall opposite the fireplace hung a portrait. It was that of a woman in full dress with her hair powdered. Manette resembled her in every feature, and yet her mother's face had a more gentle expression. She had lived in happier days, when hearts were soft and feelings tender. Justice and human rights were talked of then; the whole world, smiling in its sleep, was dreaming happy dreams which were to end in a frightful nightmare. The foolish, fashionable talk about shepherds and shepherdesses had only excited the wolves. Manette's mother, the lovely original of the picture, had died at the age of twenty-five. Her name had been Manette as well as her daughter's. Her husband, who was younger than M. Andrey, had, in accordance with the usual practice of those days among rich merchants, added to his own name that of his property, so that Manette had the doubtful advantage of being the Citoyenne Andrey de la Frégeollière.

She was leaning on her elbow before a little bureau of mahogany inlaid with brass, which opened so that it formed a desk if necessary. It stood between the two large windows of the room. Before her lay an open letter, a full-sized sheet of stout linen paper covered with writing in a large, legible hand.

As M. Andrey came in softly he glanced at it, and recognized the writing of Claude.

"Was it worth while to call me?" he said, with his paternal smile. "A good girl and an honest lad may write to each other if their friends permit the correspondence, and nobody wants to see their love-letters. I place entire confidence in you, Manette."

Manette, without turning her head, replied coldly:—

"Your confidence may prove misplaced, uncle." And handing him the letter over her shoulder, she said, "Read it."

"In my melancholy banishment," wrote Claude, "I try to get some comfort to brighten my long hours of solitude by thinking of past days of happiness, and dreaming you are near me. O, Manette! when you read this letter would you might experience a thousandth part of the pleasure that I feel in writing it to you. This long time my imagination has dwelt only on the sweet idea of being led captive by you into happiness. What tender cares would I not lavish on a wife whom I should adore equally for her charms and for her virtues! Alas! I am here, sighing alone. I must not blame her who is the cause of my unhappiness. She is my mother. Manette, I need not remind you that some day she will be yours. While in possession of her reason she had no dearer wish than that you should be her daughter. She makes us wretched now, but it is not her fault; we must not blame her. Forgive her, even as I forgive. If fate wills that we should be parted for some time longer, and that our marriage should be postponed, I shall still try to say to myself: The fairest day has always been preceded by foul weather. Ah! may the clouds soon clear away, and our trials end! Perhaps some day I shall thank Heaven for my present distress. The remembrance of what I suffer now may add something to the happiness that awaits me, if indeed it be possible to add to the happiness of being once more with you."

M. Andrey gave back the letter. He was inclined to laugh. The language of young love struck him as very amusing.

"Well, my dear," he said, "you ought to be well satisfied with such a letter. Claude certainly says very pretty things. How tender he is, too. See what he says—the rogue!—about being led captive by you into happiness."

"I am living here, uncle, just as much a captive, in restlessness and disappointment."

"Ah, well! bad times will soon be over. I have told you a hundred times that all you have to do is to be prudent and wait."

"What I complain of in Claude is that he is too prudent. He is much more willing to wait than I should like to see him."

"Then I suppose you are going to quarrel with him about that when you answer his letter. You will make a mistake if you do."

"There is a contradiction in Claude that I don't understand, and I cannot endure," she cried petulantly. "You blame him for being outspoken and imprudent at the clubs and public places. I know nothing about that. You told me he was exposing himself to great risks, and I implored him to give up speaking at the section. He answered that he was a patriot, and that he could not bear to refrain from doing his best for the good of the nation. The only thing he seems willing to wait patiently for is his own happiness—and mine. Ah! he seems ready enough to make *that* sacrifice. He expects me to do as he does. I won't! that you may understand, all of you. The time is past for that kind of thing. Claude made no complaint when his mother cast him off—it may have been his duty to submit. It is not mine. What do I owe to her who has blighted my youth by her folly? Pity? Not even pity! No, uncle, it is no use contradicting me. You don't know everything. But I know that at the bottom of your heart you think as I do."

"I? Do you suppose I think as you do?" cried M. Andrey, who was growing angry. "Manette, my dear child, you are out of your senses. Hang it! how you take things! The world seems to have turned upside down in the last quarter of an hour. It is not proper for a girl who is engaged to a young man to be impatient to be married."

"I have good reasons for being impatient. And you know it. It may soon be too late. Will you take me to Claude's lodgings to-morrow?"

"Of course I won't. Take you to Claude's lodgings? Do you know how far off he lives? And since you write to Claude, and he to you —"

"There are things that cannot be written — that must be said. I admit that it is quite a journey from the Rue de Bussy to the Rue de l'Echequier."

"We should have to go through four sections," said M. Andrey, trying to smile, though he felt far from mirthful. "It would be worse than crossing a primeval forest in America. We should probably encounter all sorts of dreadful things. Don't you see, Manette, that though matters are no longer very comfortable in this house, you are better off here than you would be anywhere else? You had better stay here."

"You counsel prudence, and you practise it," broke in Manette angrily. "I see that I shall have to go alone."

At this speech M. Andrey made an impatient gesture. He no longer tried to smile, he was provoked, and the harshness of his nature showed itself. Manette had, indeed, bored down to the rock.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are too bold and headstrong for a young lady."

He stopped short. A great noise was in the street. He listened. The tumult rose and swelled as it drew nearer. It was the hoarse murmur of an excited crowd. Such tidal waves were common enough in Paris, and daily filled all quarters of the city with their roar and foam. M. Andrey pointed with his hand.

"It comes from the direction of the Abbaye," he said.

This remark was not reassuring to Manette. Any mention of that celebrated prison, still reeking with the blood of murdered priests, awakened in honest hearts a thrill of fear.

Manette, though bold, grew pale. The noise approached. They now distinctly heard the roll of drums.

The door into Manette's room flew open, and Madame Andrey rushed in with outspread hands as if driving some spectre before her. She sank down on the floor near one of the windows. With trembling hands she drew round her the folds of the curtains. Her mouth was convulsed; she could not utter a sound. The crowd was turning into the Rue de Bussy.

Louder than the tramp of the furious multitude, louder than the tap of the drums was heard one reiterated cry, repeated like a sort of *refrain* by those who were marching in the front ranks of the mob.

"Gro—cer! Gro—cer!"

M. Andrey shrugged his shoulders.

"It is nothing new at least," he said. "They began to sack the grocers' shops yesterday. The same thing is going on to-day. That's all."

Citizen Andrey accepted the misfortunes of other people philosophically. He went to a window (not that in which his wife was) to watch the mob as it went by. At the head of the crowd were two drummers, then came Buscaille and the committee of the section in *bonnets rouges* and swords dangling from their sides. The work on hand was approved by the civil power, and the authorities were bound to preserve order. Behind this group of delegates — men placed in authority by election of the people — came a crowd of women brandishing baskets, which they expected to fill with the spoils of the grocer down the street. Some of them were accompanied by their children who hung on to their ragged skirts, and howled in concert with their mothers. Next came more *bonnets rouges*, and to complete the picturesque effect, they had among

them two gendarmes, fraternizing with the *sans-culottes* who were on their way to exercise their rights, by punishing those persons accused of buying up provisions in order to raise the prices on the poor. More than two hundred persons were accused of such practices.

At the moment M. Andrey looked out of his window, the mob was passing the house; all were in high spirits; those in the rear were attempting to dance the *carmagnole*, and in so doing jostled against the ranks before them. This caused pushing, and shoving, and general confusion. Children screamed. Their mothers stamped their feet; the noise redoubled. *Citoyenne Andrey*, letting the curtain slip from her long, lean fingers, caught hold of the tails of her husband's coat. Manette had resumed her place before her inlaid bureau; her eyes were eagerly fixed upon Claude's letter, but she was not reading it. The mob in the street came to a halt.

At first the shouts continued; then suddenly there was silence in the throng. All that could be heard was one voice in the far distance, and an occasional clapping of hands. M. Andrey laughed aloud.

"They have reached the grocer's shop in our street. The good man," he said, "is striving to defend his property. Buscaille is making them a harangue. He is exhorting the grocer to submit. The housewives are applauding."

Manette sat still leaning over the slab that formed the desk of her bureau, her head supported by her pretty taper fingers. She trembled at the name of Buscaille. *Citoyenne Andrey*, on the contrary, when she heard it, rose slowly to her feet. A gleam of life seemed to have reanimated her. Her lips no longer trembled but tried to form a ghastly smile, her eyes, usually so restless, were now turned upon Manette with a fixed gaze.

"Now — now," continued M. Andrey, "I think they are going to bring out that poor devil of a grocer. I heard cries of *à la lanterne!*"

The door opened. The maid came in. She was a stout peasant girl from Picardy, wearing a sort of turban made of a Madras handkerchief upon her head. She had adorned this headdress with an enormous cockade. The yellow and purple squares of her kerchief brought out in strong relief the national tricolor. The girl had a bright flush upon her cheeks, and her arms were set a-kimbo.

"*Pardie!*" she cried, "we might have guessed what all that row was about, and what would be its upshot. They are going to stretch the necks of all those infamous grocers. It is not any too soon for the nation to put its nose into their business affairs. It ought to stop their robberies. The rascals! That one down this street has been selling sugar at four francs and a half a pound, and soap at thirty sous the bar, and thirty-two sous a pound for tallow candles, six to a pound. It was shameful! So since the people have found out how they were being imposed upon they have made up their minds to fix their own prices. Monopolists and speculators have had their day — now comes ours. Only a fool would neglect such a chance!"

Here she proceeded to pick up a basket she had left outside the room, saying, as she did so, that she was going to have her share of the fun, or at least that she'd bring back provisions for the household. She'd fill the larder. She knew the other *citoyennes* would give her a fair chance. Nobody could tell by the looks of her that she served well-to-do middle-class people. Besides, she had her cockade.

Manette sprang to her feet, crying, "Uncle, will you permit it?"

M. Andrey gave a little dry laugh. The girl from Picardy echoed it. Her master evidently did not desire her to go, but he did not forbid it. He waved his hand. She went out of the room.

"Uncle!" cried Manette, "call that girl back!"

M. Andrey only laughed.

"I shall take good care," he said, "to do no such thing. Learn a lesson

of prudence from me, my pet. Don't you see that the wisest thing we can do in these days is never to forbid those who serve us to do anything? But I did not tell her she might go."

He turned round so quickly that he almost executed a pirouette, and escaped out of the room.

His wife remained. Generally he showed her more attention. Manette had sunk back in her chair, and was paying no heed to her aunt, a terrible companion to be left alone with. Of a sudden she seemed to feel rather than to see that a shadow was gliding along the wall of her chamber. The woman, crazed by terror, was trying to reach the door. On the threshold she turned and spoke:—

"You wanted your uncle to hold back that woman that you might ruin him and me!" she cried. "You know that if he had done so, she would have gone to denounce us. The delegates of the section are at hand, arresting enemies of the people. You would have had what you want, you wicked girl!"

Manette rose. Mademoiselle Andrey de la Frégeollière at that moment bore no likeness to the portrait of her gentle mother. Her white forehead wore a frown, her soft eyes gleamed with anger, and from her pretty mouth came a laugh of scorn.

"Are you still afraid of the section, aunt," she cried, "when you know that you have made sure among the delegates of a good friend—a powerful friend? My uncle does not know yet that the day before yesterday the Citizen Buscaille came here to see you!"

"Buscaille?" murmured the Citoyenne Andrey, "that's not true!"

"It is true. I saw him, though your Picard maidservant did her best to deceive me as to who was with you. She has her share in this infernal secret. You wretched woman! Do you hear me? My uncle does not know yet what takes place in this house during his daily walk to the Luxembourg. But he shall know it soon. He shall ask you what you and Buscaille have been plotting together. Not but what

I could tell him that myself—for I know."

"It was only," said her aunt, trying to defend herself, "it was only that Buscaille promised me to take good care of us."

"You mean that he would take good care of *you*! You care nothing for other people. I dare say you may trust him to watch over your own life since you set so much store by it. But what are his conditions? Tell me, if you dare! I did not hear your conversation, but I know what passed between you. First, you sold him your own son—yes, sold him! I say sold him because he was not a furious *sans-culotte*, and you feared he might bring suspicion on his family. And now that Buscaille has fresh reasons for getting rid of Claude, he is sure to find it easy since his own mother has borne witness against him to avert danger from herself. You wretched woman! Mean and stupid as you are, why, after giving up Claude, who was your own flesh and blood, should you spare me whom you hate? Buscaille has condescended to turn his eyes on me. I know it. I feel horrible disgust at it. And you, grovelling at that scoundrel's feet, dare to have encouraged him to pay his court to me! Don't deny it! Do not answer me, but begone!—begone!"

The Citoyenne Andrey, frightened at the violence of her niece, took refuge in her own chamber. Manette slammed the communicating door, and bolted it.

V.

THENCEFORWARD Manette realized that she was left alone to fight her battles against the terrible possibilities of those terrible times. When her aunt left her her anger was hot within her; she walked to and fro in her chamber with a tightness in her throat; her eyes were swollen with tears. She stopped at last before the portrait of her mother. It did not occur to her to implore that mother's help in this extremity. In those times people had ceased to believe in the possibility of receiving help except occasionally from

the living. Manette knew that the lovely original of that portrait, the preceding Manette de la Frégeollière, had been all gentleness and loveliness — perhaps she thought her weak. But the feeling with which she looked at the likeness in pastel, had something in it of envy. Her mother had not lived long, but in her short life she had been very happy. Women were happy in her day ; they were not called upon to stand up in defence of their liberty or their honor. They were not forced to contemplate the possibility of having to descend disgraceful steps, or of incurring dangerous falls. Oh, that horrible Buscaille !

Manette kept repeating the name of the *sans-culotte*, and when she combined with it the idea that so vile a creature could dare to think she would ever become his wife, she seemed to herself to be slipping down into a pit of slime.

She sat down again before her desk. Her eyes were dry. Horror had dried her tears.

Claude's letter still lay on the bureau. She looked at it vaguely for a moment, then in a sudden access of despair she picked it up, and covered it with kisses. Not long before she had thought it cold and wanting in courage.

Now she only felt that her Claude was good and generous, that his was true consideration and tenderness. He had dreaded, lest if he should draw her to himself, she might share his own too probable ill-fortune. She knew well how he loved her. Nobody had ever felt for her like Claude. And as she pressed moist kisses on his words she wished that every kiss had been for him who penned them. He was tall and handsome, too — was Claude. She admired him as well as loved him. Ah ! she could be so happy were she his. Since the days of her young life might be few, as her mother's had been, why must she lose their brightness ? Old people were too ready to say that a girl should be ashamed to offer herself to any man ; but that was formerly. These times were different ; and since Buscaille dared —

Ah, Claude ! had you been there, how your Manette would have clung to you ! How she would have cried : "Take me to thyself, friend of my heart ! I give myself to thee ; to be thine if thou wilt take me. I see no other way to free myself from dishonor !"

At this point she heard voices in the adjoining salon. The servant-maid had got back from her dishonest expedition. Manette could not hear her uncle's voice, so she concluded that the girl was speaking to her mistress. Manette put her ear to the door. The girl was relating how the mob had fixed its own price on the goods of that robber of a grocer, and had sold them off among themselves ; sugar at twenty sous a pound, — yes, indeed ! — and twelve sous for candles ; ten sous for coffee — Mocha coffee — that was not dear. All the women of the section had laid in stores for their families at those prices, and paid for them with little five-franc notes on patriotic banks, which had depreciated to four francs, but the loss would have to be the speculators'. They could stand it. The greedy old grocer had been ruined, of course, and she was glad of it ! Many persons in the crowd had helped themselves to things, and had not paid for them. Those were the men. Yes ; when men wanted drink they stuck at nothing. They had knocked out the heads of two barrels of brandy in the cellar, and they were dancing round them, singing *Ca ira*. They would not keep that up long, their legs would give way under them. It was not Citizen Buscaille's fault that they acted so. He wanted them to behave themselves. Ah ! he was a man who knew what was right. All he had taken for his own share was one pound of vanilla — all that was left of it. He liked the smell, he said, and he paid for it down on the nail, thirty sous. Yes, of course, vanilla had been worth a hundred francs a pound, possibly a hundred and fifty — the old monopolist must put up with the difference. If the mob had stripped him of all he had down to his very breeches it would have served

him right. He'd have been a *sans-culotte*, then, like other men, with a vengeance!

Here the girl gave a coarse laugh, delighted to find she could make so brilliant a sally. The Citoyenne Andrey here said something, which, as her voice was low, Manette could not hear, but the servant answered:—

"*Pardieu!* Yes. You'll soon see him here. He won't be long in coming—won't the Citizen Buscaille. He told me he would be here almost immediately to present his respects to Citizen Andrey, and to yourself, citoyenne, not forgetting the handsome Citoyenne Manette. And he is sure to smell sweet with his pound of vanilla in his pocket."

Here the voice of M. Andrey was heard. He had probably come softly into the salon through the door which opened on the passage, and had surprised the mistress and maid in conversation. What he overheard was not to his liking, and his speech, which was generally slow and was apt to be ironical when he was slightly displeased, now sounded as if he was seriously angry. Ha! that was good, Manette thought, she had still a friend in him.

"I do not remember," he said, "that I ever invited Citizen Buscaille to come here to my house to visit me. Who did so on my part? Was it you, girl? Answer me."

It was the girl, as Manette knew. She answered impertinently:—

"Then I suppose when he calls you would rather I should leave him outside."

At that moment the door-bell rang.

Citizen Andrey must have hesitated for a moment. There was a brief silence. Then Manette heard him say, no.

It was unsafe to brave a personage so important as Buscaille in his section. "When wine has been drawn it has to be drunk," says the proverb.

Manette made a mistake when for one moment she believed that her uncle would stand up for her. There was no hope now. With the two heads of the house against her, one of whom

regulated all his acts by prudence, while the other was dominated by fear, she could not escape. Both her uncle and her aunt were cowards. The Citoyenne Andrey was beside herself with dread of death and prison, and her husband was resolved so to conduct himself as to steer a safe course through a troubled sea. He was old, yet he loved life, though living, Manette thought, could have few charms for him.

Buscaille came into the salon, and Manette, on the other side of the door, heard him pay his compliments to the Citoyenne Andrey. He had not liked to pass by her house, he said, without asking how she was. The rascal had headed a band of wolves bent upon pillage, and called that "passing by!"

Then he turned to her husband, and said he was delighted to see him. He knew him to be a good patriot, though he never came to the section. This was, of course, because he preferred a quiet life, and his little daily walk in the Luxembourg Gardens; but the nation knew that his heart was in the right place.

M. Andrey, glad to be so appreciated by the nation, responded, in a jovial way that Manette understood to be ironical, that he seldom went to public meetings, so that Citizen Buscaille must have the goodness to make his respectful excuses to his section. The members of that section were most estimable men, but while they were working for the nation they sometimes were too noisy for an old fellow, whose ears had grown accustomed to country sounds. Citizen Buscaille knew probably that he had been living several months on his own little farm at Vélizy. He had come back to Paris in obedience to the will of the nation, which doubtless had good reasons for distrusting absentees. All this Citizen Buscaille knew, of course, because, through his influence as a kind neighbor, the seals placed on his property had been taken off, and he had been permitted to re-occupy his own abode.

Buscaille, in his turn, endeavored not to be outdone in politeness. He

assured Citizen Andrey that it had given him great pleasure to render him that service, since he knew him to be a good Republican. He must not think of returning thanks for it. And having gone through these preliminaries, Buscaille thought the moment had arrived when he might venture to explain the object of his visit.

As if everybody present did not know it already!

"May I not hope," he said, "to have the pleasure of seeing the beautiful Citoyenne Manette?"

Citizen Andrey knew well enough that it was for Manette's sake that Citizen Buscaille had stood his friend with the section.

The young girl on the other side of the door drew herself up to her full height. "Yes, citizen," she said softly to herself, "you certainly shall have that pleasure. You shall see me, and if I chose it might cost those dear to whom you owe it."

She drew back the bolt; she turned the handle of the door. Citoyenne Manette in all her beauty appeared before the greedy eyes of the delegate of the section. Her appearance was so sudden and unexpected that Buscaille felt a thrill pass through that wretched little something within him that could hardly be called a soul. But Manette did not even look at him. She turned to Citizen Andrey.

"Uncle," she said, "I told you that before long you would know why I do not feel myself in safety under your roof."

Then turning to the visitor, she said:

"Citizen Buscaille, I heard you say that you wished to see me. I have made all possible haste to comply with your wishes."

The *sans-culotte* moved nervously. The movement caused the vanilla on his person to give forth a cloud of perfume, which seemed to pervade the room. The boldness of the girl who addressed him with the Republican *tutoiement* seemed flattering; but when he would have responded by some Jacobin compliment the words would not come. Manette smiled. He had a

vague notion that her smile was one of defiance; but like a beast of prey upon the watch, he fixed his eyes on his intended victim. Manette's disgust rose to her lips, and almost overmastered her; but she restrained herself, and continued to smile.

"Aunt," she said, "you have not asked Citizen Buscaille to take a chair."

It was true that they were all standing, as if by common consent, and Buscaille, after Manette's speech, was the first to feel that he had better cut short this first visit, preliminary, he flattered himself, to many more. The Citoyenne Andrey put her hand on the back of a chair near her, but she understood Manette, and fear so completely took away her strength that she could not have moved it towards her visitor. Buscaille came to her aid. "Do not give yourself that trouble, citoyenne," he said. "A good *sans-culotte* has no time to sit down on a day like this."

"True," said Manette; "you are working for justice, and in the interests of the nation. You are doing your duty as a patriot, by punishing those who hoard for their own advantage the provisions of the poor."

"I am directing the justice which rights the wrongs of poor women who keep house," he said, "and I must go back and put myself at their head, since I have seen you, charming Manette."

"And that will hearten him for his good work," interposed the maid from Picardy.

"But I hope you will permit me sometimes to repeat this visit, and to tell you that you are the handsomest of good citoyennes."

"This second assurance on your part is very precious to me. I will try to deserve it. Why should you not come back? This house is yours to do what you like in, as any one may see."

Here Citizen Andrey, who stood near his niece, plucked her by the skirt of her gown, warning her to be prudent. But Buscaille was too much elated by his success to be conscious of the increasing irony in the young girl's words.

He executed a sort of bow with his *bonnet rouge*, without, however, lifting it from his head; and so withdrew. The Citoyenne Andrey followed him into the antechamber, leaning on her servant's arm, then came Citizen Andrey, and last of all Manette, speaking in low tones to her uncle.

"I could have crushed that vile wretch with my scorn," she said, "and have sealed your fate—all of you—as well as my own. I longed to do it. It would have spared you the shame of handing me over to Buscaille, that you may save your own two heads. Uncle, I shall trust no one but myself."

And, turning suddenly away from him, she went back into her chamber.

From The National Review.
ROBERT LOWE AS A JOURNALIST.

A BRILLIANT and not unsuccessful newspaper proprietor once remarked to me, *à propos* of his staff, "I do not care for men of broad views, sound common sense, and correct principles. Give me a clever, disappointed man, of morbid mind, who 'wants to get his knife' into as many of his fellow-creatures as possible. That's the kind of man who can write what the public like to read; but, of course, he needs constant supervision." At the time I was somewhat shocked by the cynicism of my journalistic mentor; but an extended experience of life is apt to convince one that most persons inwardly relish disparaging and "spicy" comments on others, and are not over and above pleased when an old school-fellow or next-door neighbor is publicly acclaimed. Let those kindly souls who may feel inclined to deny this cynical view of human nature turn again to Dean Swift's pungent verses on his own death, with their famous (and shall we not say, accepted?) motto from his master Rochefoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas."

Yet (to the honor of human nature) there are exceptionally constituted men

whose motives and conduct are beyond the reach of this cynical philosophy. Paradoxical as some may regard it, I am firmly of opinion that the late Lord Sherbrooke was one of those exceptionally constituted men; a man almost totally devoid of the commoner vices, meanness, jealousy, envy, and spite. His whole inner life to those who knew it bore evidence of this; but no portion of his long, arduous, and many-sided public career could show it more clearly than that portion which he devoted to journalism. The test of character lies in the strength to resist temptation; and what temptation could be greater for a struggling and ambitious public man gifted with an incisive literary style and the very genius of irony, than the power to disparage rivals and serve his own ends by means of anonymous newspaper articles? Whether we agree with our distinguished visitor, M. Zola, or not, as to the evils of anonymous journalism, there can be no doubt that it places power in the hands of mean-spirited and disappointed men, who often write under the shelter of anonymity in a way they would hesitate to adopt if their articles were signed. These are of the family that shoot from behind a hedge; but without at all sinking to their cowardly level, the temptation to carp at a rival, to insinuate an element of weakness in the conduct or character of a rising colleague, and all the while if possible to advance one's own ends, would be well-nigh irresistible to most men placed in the position of Robert Lowe as a *Times* leader-writer and at the same time a member of the House of Commons, conscious of his own great abilities, but made to feel every hour that he was without political interest or connections.

That Robert Lowe, under the circumstances, resisted the temptation to use the powerful engine of the press for personal objects, is proof of his strong and lofty character. But it is even more noteworthy than his conscientious conduct as a journalist sprang wholly from his severe sense of self-respect, and was not owing to his be-

lief in any of the current cant about the moral mission of newspapers. Lowe simply looked on a newspaper as a useful modern contrivance for letting masses of men know what was going on in the world—nothing more. He did not delude himself in this or in any other matter by those cheap sentimental platitudes which serve most of us for a creed; his mind was so constituted that he could safely dispense with the superstitions and conventions which are necessary to keep most men in the straight path. To him the greatest of newspapers was only so much printed news and ephemeral gossip, introduced usually by a sermon in which the preacher called himself "We." But having engaged to deliver, to the best of his ability, this daily sermon, he spared no pains to do it in an efficient and business-like way; and, though his personality was hidden from his readers, he said nothing during all those years which he might have wished unsaid if his name had been avowed.

Few politicians who have had access to the columns of a newspaper would, I take it, unreservedly hand over a list of their anonymous writings to a comparative stranger; but I was not surprised when Lord Sherbrooke, with some characteristic remarks as to the worthlessness of the quest, provided me with a full list of his *Times* articles, extending over a period of some sixteen of the most eventful years of his public life. It was after a diligent perusal of many hundreds of these anonymous articles that I felt justified in summarizing his career as a writer on the *Times*, in these words:—

It was not, however, so much tact (a quality in which Lord Sherbrooke's critics considered him wanting) as his sterling qualities of head and heart which enabled him for so many years to be at the same time a prominent politician and an active journalist. He was, indeed, a man of strong views, with the gift of expressing them forcibly; nor did he spare favored individuals if he thought their conduct detrimental to the public welfare. But, as the master of Balliol observes, Lord Sher-

brooke was a "great gentleman," and he never made use of his position for mere personal ends. His anonymous articles, like his spoken words, were frank, fearless, clear, and often mordant, but there lurked in them no meanness or malice; he never wrote a line with a view of advancing himself or of injuring a possible rival.¹

With Lord Sherbrooke's warning as to the barrenness of the back files of old newspapers ringing in one's ears, it seemed that the chapter on his connection with the *Times* in "The Life and Letters" was enough. But one of the ablest critics of that work—a writer in the *Guardian*—was so much impressed by the few specimens given as to declare that Lord Sherbrooke was a model for all succeeding journalists, and to express some measure of regret that more had not been written on his work as a leader-writer. This high estimate is, I am convinced, fully justified by the uniform excellence of the long series of *Times* articles which, as Charles Lamb would have said, were in truth their author's real literary works. But it is by no means an easy task to furnish such extracts from them as shall enable the reader to form any adequate notion of their scope and power. For the test of a "leader," in contradistinction to an essay, is its precise fitness for an ephemeral purpose; with the change of time and circumstance it becomes, as a rule, either dull or meaningless. Notwithstanding this all but fatal drawback, I have ventured in these following pages to reproduce from Lord Sherbrooke's multifarious contributions to the *Times*—and I would here like to express my indebtedness to the proprietors for permission to do so—a few scattered sentences which strike one as being characteristic of their author and not unworthy of the attention of the new generation.

As with certain rarely gifted men of bright and alert mind, Lord Sherbrooke had the happy knack of hitting off a portrait in a few words, and of expressing a profound truth in an epigram. His weighty political articles are con-

¹ Life and Letters of Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke. Longmans. Vol. II., p. 356.

stantly relieved by *obiter dicta*, which happily express the writer's individual estimate of historical events and personages, or his mature convictions on human life and destiny.

At the present juncture, Robert Lowe's estimate of William Pitt may be placed beside Lord Rosebery's and the Duke of Argyll's; and it will be found that these three modern Liberals are agreed in their profound admiration of the great Tory minister who effected the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. On the question of the Union, Lowe was indeed a fervent admirer of Pitt's broad, statesmanlike scheme,¹ and held that any attempt to dissolve the much too slender ties binding these two islands was fraught with untold mischief. But it is plain from his scattered writings, that, apart from this great achievement, Lowe regarded Pitt as the supreme English statesman and patriot of modern Parliamentary times.

Lowe's Estimate of Pitt.

Mr. Pitt stands out pointedly from all the English statesmen who preceded him, as the first who really turned his mind to promote the welfare of the great masses of the people, and he has the singular merit of having thoroughly imbibed and maintained the principles of Free Trade very shortly after they were announced by their illustrious author.

Nor did Lowe think that any apology was due on Pitt's behalf for what he calls his "gallant stand against Napoleon which ended so gloriously for this country."

Turning for a moment to foreign countries, there is no article more characteristic of Robert Lowe's strong anti-revolutionary bent of mind than one he wrote in the *Times* in the autumn of 1862 on the then state of Italy. Here he draws with an unflinching hand the portrait of the two lasting and persistent types of Revolutionists whose mental and moral qualities are dramatically contrasted in Mazzini and Garibaldi.

Mazzini and Garibaldi.

The originators of Revolutions may generally be divided into two classes — men of abstract speculation who, viewing the world through some particular formula in which they believe the whole result of human wisdom and experience to reside, make no allowance for the past or provision for the future, and convince themselves that every one who resists the triumph of their particular principle must be actuated by the grossest stupidity or the most deliberate malice. Such men are as intolerant as they are impractical. No past friendship, no common danger, no honesty of purpose, can conciliate them. They divide mankind into those who hold their faith, and those who do not. In the first they see tools, and in the second martyrs — in neither friends.²

Such, he says, are Robespierre and Mazzini.

The second class of revolutionists consists of the men of action — those who trouble themselves little with abstract theories, but spurred on by mere personal grievances, perhaps by a generous sympathy with the wrongs of which they are spectators, and sometimes actuated by a spirit of Utopianism and the love of distinction, set themselves to do that which Theorists and speculators write and talk about.

"Garibaldi," adds Lowe, "*with his noble and unsuspecting, but vain and shallow nature*, was essentially such a man."

Early in 1856 Lowe wrote an entertaining article on Lord Elgin's speech, delivered on the occasion of his being presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow. Lord Elgin, who had cleverly caught the Trans-Atlantic trick of "talking to Buncombe," made a speech compounded of fulsome flattery of his fellow-burgesses of Glasgow, set off by some high-sounding, pro-consular platitudes, which, like the generality of such utterances, had doubtless done duty elsewhere. The speech, at all events, gave Lowe an opportunity of launching out on his favorite subject of

¹ See the masterly article entitled "What shall We Do for Ireland?" — *Quarterly Review*, January, 1868.

² Compare Lowe's boyish verses, written at Winchester on the Swiss Mercenaries at the time of the French Revolution. (*Life and Letters*, vol. i., p. 75.)

the relation between England and her colonial dependencies.

"A witty French lady once said of one of her friends 'that he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly.' Possibly those of our readers who may go through the portentously long speech which Lord Elgin has delivered on receiving the freedom of the city of Glasgow may be of opinion that he abuses the right of a Scotchman to be national, of a Canadian to be colonial, and of the recipient of public honors to be egotistical."

This severe opening the writer justified by pointing out that Lord Elgin in his speech had dragged in a description of a storm at sea, merely to tickle his Scotch hearers by adding that in the moments of greatest danger he had felt every confidence "because the ship had been built on the Clyde." Then he had indulged in an appalling picture of the horrors of a Canadian winter, "apparently to enhance his own merits and services;" forgetting this, Lord Elgin later on declared that "Canada was blessed with a genial climate."

"Surely," commented Lowe, "the pumpkin pie that Lord Elgin served up was sufficiently sweet already without throwing into it so many coarse lumps of maple sugar."

Then, in a graver spirit, he challenged the governor-general's high-sounding eloquence on imperial federation. As I have pointed out in the "Life and Letters," Robert Lowe, when a colonist of New South Wales, was the first to formulate and uphold the doctrine of imperial federation; this was some forty years before the time of Mr. Forster and Lord Rosebery. But his later experiences as an English statesman brought home to his mind many difficulties and dangers in the scheme which he had not so clearly apprehended as a colonist. These dangers and difficulties he frequently dwelt upon in writing or speaking of the relations of England to her colonial dependencies, while he found them altogether ignored in Elgin's pleasant pro-consular oration.

Imperial Federation — The Real Cruz.

Lord Elgin anticipates that the next serious Colonial question which will arise will be the claim of the Colonies to be represented in the Imperial Parliament. He delivers no opinion on the subject, but contents himself with the oracular prediction that as we have got over other difficult questions so we shall also get over this. The motto of our Colonial instructors seems to be that of the learned commentator who was *in facili multus in difficili civis*. We are overwhelmed with comments, arguments, and illustrations as to that which is self-evident, and as to that which is dark and difficult are left to argue, comment, and illustrate for ourselves. . . . The question of Colonial representation in the British Parliament is one which has occupied some attention in North America and has been advocated in some of the most extraordinary specimens of Trans-Atlantic eloquence that it has yet been our lot to see. The orators generally place themselves on an imaginary pivot, turn their eyes north, south, east, and west, and contemplating the broad lakes and deep rivers of the new continent draw comparisons extremely unfavorable to the geographical physiognomy of the old. Then they give us imports and exports, population as it is now, and as it was twenty years ago, as it will be twenty, fifty, and a hundred years hence. They enlarge on the beauty of their women, the sturdy health of their children, the fertility of their soil, and the bracing serenity of their climate; and then they triumphantly ask: "Is this a country to be denied the rights of citizenship? Is this a people to be treated as an inferior race and held in vassalage and subjection?" Our answer is short, and we beg for it the attention of Lord Elgin and of any one else who may be disposed to take the clap-trap view of the question. We admit the equality of our colonists, but we admit no more. Let them by all means enter our Parliament, and let them be on terms of perfect equality. They claim the right to legislate for us, and if so we must also have the right to legislate for them. They claim a voice in taxing us, . . . if they tax us we must tax them. The English Empire must be looked at in two points of view — either as a Sovereign State surrounded by a number of dependencies, or as a vast confederacy of equal States, each having a voice according to its population, its wealth, or its territory. . . . If the Colonies are willing to be represented

in the Imperial Parliament on these terms, we, on our part, see no objection ; but they must look the question fairly in the face, and make up their minds whether the honor they seek be worth the price they will assuredly have to pay for it.

Lowe constantly wrote on various phases of American politics and electioneering, and generally with the most outspoken anti-democratic contempt. In particular, he thought that the way America conducted her foreign affairs, and particularly her diplomatic relations with England, was without dignity or self-respect. He generalized that democratic governments, especially on the eve of a general election, could not avoid blustering and "playing to the gallery." He pointed out, on more than one occasion, the folly and danger of an unarmed people insulting a nation with a splendid army and the greatest navy in the world. Yet he thought we were wise to ignore affronts from America, which the most intelligent of her own people deplored or ridiculed ; for of all calamities a war between England and America would be the most appalling.

War between England and America.

When Lucan spoke of a more than civil war, he must surely have alluded to such a war as would be waged between Great Britain and North America. The parent devastating the fair inheritance of the child, kindred hands employed in rooting up that prosperity the increase of which has overflowed in a tide of riches into this island, are subjects too painful for contemplation, and from which the mind of every Englishman turns aside with unconquerable disgust. Let us have war, if need be, with any other nation, but not with those Colonies—the proudest historic monument we possess, the most enduring memorial of Anglo-Saxon greatness.

Lowe's views on the House of Lords are not without interest at the present moment. It may be questioned if any other English statesman ever devoted so much attention to the subject of Upper Houses both in England and in the colonies. In Australia he strongly urged the advisability of an elective rather than a nominee Upper House ; and such was his dread of nomineeism

that he always stoutly upheld the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. Like Dr. Hearn, he thought that the hereditary principle operated as a salutary check on the power of the crown to summon persons to the High Court of Parliament. But it is an error to maintain, as Mr. Lionel Tollemache does, that Lord Sherbrooke was altogether opposed to life peerages. In the *Times* he strongly upheld the life peerage originally intended in the case of Lord Wensleydale, and went so far as to urge that all the legal lords, like their spiritual brethren the bishops, might be made merely for life. His reasoning is characteristically acute and plain-spoken.

Law Lords.

The family of a great lawyer is most frequently ill-brought up ; the father is immersed in business, the mother seldom equal to the position to which she is raised. When a great lawyer is offered a peerage he has to consider whether his eldest son is worthy to succeed him, and whether, if he be, he will starve his younger children to provide him with an estate suitable to the dignity. To such a man one would have supposed a peerage for life a most welcome refuge ; but vanity carries it against prudence and modesty, and lawyers must transmit their titles to their posterity even while they are well assured that their posterity will disgrace them.

This clearly enough shows that, while a stout upholder of the hereditary principle, he thought that ennobled lawyers should be content to be "lifers," as he nicknamed the proposed life peers on one occasion. Lord Sherbrooke, in fact, seemed to regard the peerage much as some of our recent moralists regard the stage—as a thoroughly respectable institution so long as your family have been connected with it for some generations, but as a rather hazardous career to embark in for those who have been trained under different circumstances and traditions.

When Lord Lyndhurst succeeded in inducing the House of Lords to reject the limitation for the term of his life in the grant in the patent of Lord Wensleydale, Lowe referred to that

body as being "guided by men every one of whom is the first of his family who has borne the honors of the peerage and who therefore unite in no small degree the dexterity of practised advocates with the more than aristocratic tendencies of aspiring parvenus." He also raised the question of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and by his trenchant attacks showed that he was very much in earnest on this matter of restricting the grant in the patents of lawyers to their individual lives.

But, on the general question of the existence of the House of Lords, Lowe was a most eloquent advocate, and supporter. He spoke out very plainly about their lordships' shortcomings — as plainly as the most vehement latter-day Radical yearning to "end" rather than "mend" them; but the aim of his adverse criticism was to make the Upper House more powerful and more efficient.

Writing in June, 1867, Lowe observed that "We must save the peers from suicide, if not for their own sake, at any rate for ours." And he urged that the abolition of proxies and the establishment of a quorum were indispensable reforms in the procedure of the House of Lords, though by themselves not sufficient to convert it into an efficient senate. Socially he had not much sympathy with the practices of peers. "The dinner-hour," he said, "empties the Commons, but breaks up the Peers." This he thought a deplorable exhibition on the part of a privileged body in a time of revolutionary sentiments and political upheaval. So vigorous was his attack on the spectacle of "two or three peers gathered together" before the dinner-hour to transact the business of a great empire, that when the House next re-assembled the attendance was abnormally large. It was then that his friend Lord Shaftesbury made the proposal to meet at a quarter past four instead of at five, a reform which Lowe thought was devised with too keen a regard for "the tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell." The House of Lords, he urged, must

face the inconvenience of late sittings, dinner-hour or no dinner-hour, if public business demanded it. This was the origin of his famous skit:—

Early Hours in the Lords.

As long as their Lordships assembled at five

They found they had nothing to keep them alive.

By wasting more time they expect to do more,

So determine to meet at a quarter past four.

As I have said in the "Life and Letters," this merry jingle by no means expressed Lord Sherbrooke's serious views as to the House of Lords. These are expressed in an admirable article in the *Times* of June 18th, 1867. His words are singularly appropriate to the present crisis in our political affairs.

The House of Lords.

Unless their advantages be wilfully thrown away, no body of men in the world can command so much attention and even deference from their countrymen. In the case of many of their members this attention might be claimed on the common ground of abilities and eloquence. But the traditions and the elevated position of the House of Peers in this country insure them a corporate respect which might be turned to the greatest advantage. As a strictly deliberative Assembly they might possibly even take the lead of the Lower House; and the more strictly representative the Lower House becomes, the greater will be this opportunity. That this position may be attained nothing is necessary but a real and active attention to public affairs on the part of the Peers in general.

This weighty expression of opinion is the more deserving of our attention from the fact that Lowe was pre-eminently a "House-of-Commons-man." Nor, when he predicted that the Peers might gain, and the Commons lose, in public estimation, in proportion as the *Lower House became more strictly representative*, had he lived to witness the pantomimic fisticuffs of the folk on the penny steamers passing the Terrace, or that equally suggestive scene of the other night, when the crowd in front of Parliament Square sent up rockets and

cheered Lord Salisbury after the crushing division on the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords.

Naturally Lowe wrote a great deal in the *Times* on Australia, where he had passed his eight most eventful years. These articles have been, perhaps, sufficiently dealt with in the "Life and Letters;" but, in again referring to his journalistic labors, it is with the greatest pleasure that I am able to acknowledge the thorough and hearty fashion in which an influential section of the Australian press has endorsed my statement that the better-class emigration to those remote shores after the gold discoveries was promoted more by Robert Lowe's pen than by any other agency. The Australian colonies, as the *Australasian* admits, owe him a deep debt of gratitude for these articles, written at that critical moment when the question had to be settled once for all whether Australia was to remain an imperial prison or become a free, self-governing English State.

This somewhat rambling paper may, perhaps, most fitly close with one or two selections from Lowe's personal sketches of some of his contemporaries.

With the late Cardinal Wiseman, Lord Sherbrooke had no kind of sympathy, but regarded his "flashy" rhetorical utterances with unmeasured contempt.

Lowe on Cardinal Wiseman.

Once more, after an intermission of some four years, the English public is called upon to admire the sounding periods, the tawdry rhetoric, and the excessive personal assumption which distinguish our old friend Cardinal Wiseman. The devout members of the Roman Catholic Church must think with some degree of compunction of that inflated style, that boundless and bottomless arrogance, which once from the Flaminian Gate roused the whole island of Britain to indignation. . . . Were we in want of an Ecclesiastical correspondent who should describe those gorgeous and lengthy ceremonials in which the successors of the fishermen of Galilee so greatly delight, we know not where we should find a person better adapted for the task. He describes the Episcopal Congregation, re-

cently held at Rome, with the eye of a scene-painter and the gusto of a master of the ceremonies.

Robert Lowe was in bitter opposition to John Bright, not only during the fight over Reform, but previously at the time of the Crimea and the China wars. His admiration for Bright's power of oratory, however, was always unbounded, and it was to Lowe a source of almost personal grief that a man possessed of such gifts of expression and persuasion could be so wanting in political foresight and statesmanlike grasp. Lowe referred in the *Times* to Bright's most moving appeal against the war in the Crimea when he bewailed so eloquently the death of Colonel Boyle and Colonel Blair, as his "pathetic eulogy of the dead," and added, "The thought must have occurred to many among his hearers—if he is thus terrible when preaching peace, what would he not achieve if he would turn his attention to stirring up the spirit of war."

When the lord mayor gave notice of a motion in the Court of Aldermen for the dismissal of the Earl of Aberdeen, Lowe likened him to the Laird o' Cockpen,

Whose mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the State,

and referred to the joy it must be "to hold, as it were, the destinies of Europe in an obese palm." Of a vestry meeting he remarked:—

Formerly, as Sheridan truly said, whenever two or three people were gathered together they immediately became in their own conceit, the people of England, and talked and talked accordingly. Now there seems to be some hope that even the Marylebone Vestry may at last learn to confine itself within due limits, and attend to the affairs of a parish without deliberating on the concerns of an empire.

When Lord Palmerston, on the occasion of unveiling a statue of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, delivered a fine eulogy on Lowe's great friend, Lowe wrote an equally fine article in the *Times* comparing those two diverse statesmen.

Lord Palmerston and Sir G. C. Lewis.

Lord Palmerston has been through life pre-eminently a man of the world, mingling heartily in its strife, its pursuits, and its pleasures. In almost every amusement and occupation that becomes an English nobleman he has heartily and genially embarked. A keen sportsman, an owner of racehorses, and a man of fashion, Lord Palmerston devotes to the active world and its pursuits those hours which remain to him after a singularly exact and conscientious discharge of his public duties. The recreations of Sir George Lewis were the exact reverse of all this. The hours that could be spared from business were devoted by him, whenever he had the power of disposing of them, to abstruse and careful study. His relaxations would have been a painful and exhausting labor to others. Yet on the common ground of public duty these men, so different in other respects, found a point of contact—nay, of hearty sympathy and esteem.

Lowe also paid a worthy tribute to Sir Charles Wood, afterwards the first Lord Halifax, which goes far to discount Mr. Greville's statement that Lowe had conceived a contempt for his old chief.

There is no public man of the day [he wrote] who has received less justice from his contemporaries than he who has just retired from the office of secretary of state for India. This country has had few abler servants, and none more industrious and upright. Endowed with extraordinary quickness of apprehension, a retentive memory, a clear head, a logical intellect, and a mind adapted for the transaction of business, Sir Charles Wood was in many respects the very model of an able, efficient, and hard-working minister.

At another time Lowe took some pains to produce a portrait of the then Sir Hugh, afterwards Lord, Cairns, which should be noted in conjunction with the letter to Lord Shaftesbury, in which Lowe speaks disparagingly of Cairns for going with Derby and Disraeli on Reform.

Lowe on Lord Cairns.

Sir Hugh Cairns may certainly claim to rank among the most distinguished men of the present day. He has achieved at the bar the most splendid success, and yet, so far from being indebted to that success for

his Parliamentary position, his success as a debater has been fully equal to his success as a lawyer. In the debate on Lord Ellenborough's motion with regard to Oude, he made a speech which probably decided the fate of the motion, and completely established his Parliamentary reputation—a reputation which he has since maintained and increased whenever an occasion offers itself for displaying his remarkable powers of lucid arrangement, of stating facts in a manner to which no one could object, but which materially assisted his own views, and of reasoning from these facts clearly and conclusively. Perhaps from the habit of continually addressing one judge, his reasonings were somewhat subtle, and his investigations too minute and detached for a great popular assembly like the House of Commons; but had he left behind him nothing beyond the two speeches which he contributed to the two great Reform debates¹ of last year he would have done enough to establish a Parliamentary reputation such as few indeed of our greatest lawyers have left behind them. The warning which Sir Hugh Cairns has bequeathed to the Irish League and to the English government is very emphatic. He protests, as he did four months ago, against placing the property, the intelligence, and the institutions of the country at the mercy of a mere numerical majority, and he vindicates, not at all sooner than was required, the right of members of Parliament to express their opinions as to admitting the great mass of the people to the exercise of the whole political power of the country, without being exposed to systematic abuse, or held up as fitting objects of lawless popular vengeance.

Robert Lowe was of course often engaged in trying to solve the Irish question, and still more often was his pen employed in criticising the efforts of others to that end. In an article on Irish education, in 1867, he observed, with a true Lowian touch, "Among the numerous ills that Ireland has to endure is this: That while England receives from the State only one-third

¹ Writing subsequently to Lord Shaftesbury, Lowe observed: "Cairns borrowed his hobgoblin argument from Gibson, who took it from Cobden, who took it from Bentham,—a nice Tory pedigree! At any rate, he is not afraid of hobgoblins, for the ghosts of his two speeches must have confronted him and cried, Hold! Hold!" (*Life and Letters*. Vol. ii., p. 329.)

of the money for the education of the poor, Ireland receives the whole." In one sentence he hits off the essential difference in the education problem of the two countries. "In England," he writes, "though the system is denominational, *the State is secular.*" This suggestive phrase should mean much to those who are giving any independent thought to the proposal to grant Ireland Home Rule. On another occasion Lowe was writing on Bright's political mission to Dublin in 1856, and attempted to explain why the great orator's efforts failed to hit the mark on the other side of the Channel. "The fact is," he said, "Bright was talking Radicalism to an audience that was thinking Fenianism."

Lord Sherbrooke's personal regard for Mr. Gladstone was always very high; but it was quite impossible for two such diverse and antagonistic intellects to meet without occasionally clashing. Probably no part of Mr. Gladstone's public career was more displeasing to Lowe than his desertion of the Palmerston government in the midst of the anxieties of Sebastopol. Lowe did not dispute Mr. Gladstone's extreme conscientiousness in thus leaving his colleagues in the lurch; but he failed altogether to feel any sympathy with the fine-drawn reasons which Mr. Gladstone urged in his own justification. As a result Lowe made a study of Mr. Gladstone's peculiar type of metaphysical mind which is not without interest to the student of psychology.

Lowe on Mr. Gladstone.

A man like Mr. Gladstone, who weighs events in a balance so sensitive that he can determine to a hair's-breadth when war ceases to be defensive and takes the character of aggression, must have often been engaged in the same exercise of mental ponderation, and forever perplexed and tormented with doubts whether we were not, after all, hitting Russia a little too hard; how far the mundane motive of anger, ambition, and wounded pride mix themselves up with the love of justice and the laudable desire of self-defence and self-preservation; whether it was lawful to shoot two men at once with one rifle; and

whether the fuses of our shells, bad as they were, were not after all too good considering the infamous object on which they were to be sent. He had made up his mind that the descent on the Crimea and the attack on Sebastopol were conceived in a purely defensive spirit, but could he be quite sure that there was nothing aggressive in the way of carrying them out? Was the onslaught of Inkermann repelled by men using no unnecessary violence, and were the *sorties* of the garrison always repulsed in a mild and Christian spirit?

Lord Sherbrooke, who was the strongest and most uncompromising of Unionists, was always an advocate for the abolition of the office of lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

"It is as if we had in England a Whig and Tory queen, and as if each change of ministry was accompanied by the succession of a sovereign of opinions identical with the successful party." The question of the retention of this anomalous office was, he declared, an imperial, not an Irish, question. "The purely Irish view was that the office exists for the purpose of spending £20,000 a year in Dublin." Then, in commenting on the appointment of Lord Wodehouse, he drew that sharp distinction which was ever present to his mind between the relations of Ireland and that of the colonies to England.

Ireland and the Colonies.

It has been the fashion, as we have often explained, to confuse and misrepresent the relations of our colonies to the mother country by affecting to treat them as integral parts of the United Kingdom instead of what they really are, foreign dependencies of the crown. One great fault in the perpetuation of the office of lord-lieutenant is that it suggests that Ireland is merely a colony, when it is in reality as much an integral part of the empire as England or Scotland.

In an article on Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Newcastle, Lowe made some pregnant remarks on the class of intellect best fitted to achieve success in Parliament. Successful Parliamentary statesmen, he declared,—even those of the calibre of Sir Robert Peel,—are not "generally endowed with a

very wide and comprehensive capacity." The power of philosophic generalization may prove fatal. "It is the privilege of the man who is able to generalize, to arrive at once at the truth, an advantage which he often largely expiates in the want of sympathy, and indeed the positive distrust which he inspires among those who are not able to follow the same short and direct, but giddy and perilous path of investigation as himself."

This is Walter Bagehot's notion, that the Parliamentary statesman should be a man of "common opinions and uncommon ability." It does not do for a leader to be out of sight of his following. Lord Sherbrooke himself had a distinct capacity for generalization, and was nothing if not startlingly original. These gifts may not have assisted him in the House of Commons, but they made him the brightest and most charming of conversationalists, and have left even on certain musty, back files of newspapers a feeling of life and freshness.

A. PATCHETT MARTIN.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
THE CRADLE OF THE LAKE POETS.

MORE than forty years have passed away since the last of the survivors of the Lake school of English poetry paid the great debt which humanity owes to Nature. Full of years and full of honors, crowned with the warm love and sincere esteem of his fellow-citizens, William Wordsworth descended to the grave in 1850, having, like the patriarch of old, seen the desire of his eyes and peace upon Israel. In common with two other illustrious bards, Robert Southey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poetical lucubrations of Wordsworth had marked a distinct epoch in the annals of English verse. Of that school—a school of which the admirers are not a few even in this prosaic decade of the nineteenth century—much has been said and still more has been written, and we have no intention in this paper of returning to the sub-

ject, perennially interesting as it is. Rather would we ask our readers to accompany us in thought to a sequestered nook of the west of England where the three great seers we have named, who have long since joined "the choir invisible," in company with others, passed a portion, and not the least noteworthy portion of their early careers, and which is associated with some of the pleasantest memories in the lives of each, and to bear with us while we discuss, necessarily somewhat at random, concerning them.

We doubt very seriously whether as many as four persons out of five, even of well-educated persons, would be able to give a correct reply off-hand to an interrogatory respecting the exact locality of the Quantock Hills. They are not in Devonshire, nor are they in Gloucestershire. A glance at the map of Somersetshire will show that the mountain range of the Quantocks, "the Oberland of Somersetshire" as it has been aptly designated by one of the most eminent local antiquaries, takes its rise above the wide plain of Bridgwater and the smiling valley of Taunton. Thence it continues for nearly sixteen miles in a direction from south-east to north-west between the British Channel and Taunton, attaining its loftiest elevation at Wilsneck, an eminence which rises between the two rival heights of Cothelstone and Donisborough. The locality has been carefully investigated by Nichols, who has meditated upon its myriad associations, historical, classical, poetical, and mythological, and has written a book upon the subject, of which we may say what the gentle Abraham Cowley said of the message which he received from Jersey:—

Fraught with rich racy matter in which we
The soil from which it came taste, smell,
and see.

It is a region little known, untrodden by the foot of the tourist, and untroubled by the presence of the railway. It is a pretty and romantic district, all verdure in summer, a corner of the beautiful island where old-fashioned

inns, and grandfathers' clocks, and village greens, and cackling geese can still be found — a peaceful, quiescent country, where the cottage gardens exhibit all the richest profusion, all the brightest glories of Flora's train — where the hay wagons creep leisurely along the deep, leafy lanes — where the stranger sees

The dull mechanic passing to and fro,
The grey set life and apathetic end —

where it is still possible to enjoy

The sleep which is among the lonely hills,
of which Wordsworth was so fond —
and where the disturbing influences
and the busy hum of men seldom or
never succeed in penetrating.

Externally the Quantocks to-day wear very much the same aspect that they wore one hundred years ago, when the country-side had not yet recovered from the first shock of the French Revolution, when rumors of invasion by our neighbors across the Channel were creating sore consternation in British homes, and men's hearts were failing them for very fear. Time, we constantly hear it said, works miracles. So far as towns and cities are concerned the remark is true enough, and few or none will be inclined to dispute it. But in rural coverts and benighted districts, far removed from the humanizing influences of modern civilization, the case is different. Changes then progress only by slow degrees. Though the schoolmaster has been abroad for the last twenty years or more, and has filled the heads of young men and maidens throughout the land with knowledge that their grandfathers would have regarded as the exclusive possession of the enemy of mankind; though steam and the railroad have robbed our popular mythology of elves and goblins, witches and sorcerers; though timely and beneficent legislation has effaced many paralyzing influences, we are not speaking out of due bounds when we say that it would be an easy matter to-day to find hereabouts those who are confirmed believers in the mysteries of the black art, in the machinations of brownies, witches, and

elves, and in the power of the evil eye. Nor, after all, can we wonder that illiterate villages should not rise superior to such ideas when similar ones are entertained by those cultivated persons who compose the Society for the Promotion of Psychical Research.

In the vicinity of this secluded region there is a little town which has gone for centuries by the name of Nether Stowey, and, though little among the cities of the plain and the thousands of Judah, has a remembrance which shall not perish from the earth so long as English poetry shall endure.

Nestling quite at the foot of the Quantocks, and in close proximity to the fine scenery both of Porlock and Linton, Stowey is but little visited by the outside world. It is a sleepy, overgrown village, consisting of a few houses and farms, and laborers' cottages, clustering round its ancient church, with some outlying houses and homesteads. A century since, Stowey was indeed one of the most retired villages of England, not of a mountainous district. No turnpike road ran through the parish. It lay in the line of no thoroughfare. The only inhabitants of education were the parson, who was probably a man of great simplicity, and a tanner named Thomas Poole, strongly imbued with literary tastes. The villagers were illiterate to an extent which is quite the exception in these days, and few of them ever went twenty miles from the place. Altogether the parish was fully half a century behind the rest of the world, and furnished recollections and traditions of rural people, of manners and intelligence, dating back to the second half of the seventeenth century. Many old men could still remember the Restoration of Charles II., the apostasy of James II., Monmouth's Rebellion, Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assizes, the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay, to say nothing of more recent events, such as the campaigns of Marlborough, the rising of the Young Pretender, and the signal discomfiture of the old one.

The inhabitants of Nether Stowey were indeed a very primitive race, and afforded many indications of unmitigated ignorance *pari passu* with the full exercise of the more violent and vindictive passions of human nature. In short, they possessed the simplicity, though not the virtues, of Arcadia.

We have said that the only person of intelligence in Stowey besides the vicar was Thomas Poole, who followed the vocation of a tanner. He was a native of Stowey, having been born there in November, 1765, as we are informed by Mrs. Sandford, of Chester, in her very charming biography of this worthy man, published in 1881.¹ While his brothers were sent to be educated at Blundell's Foundation School at Tiverton, in the adjoining county of Devon, which in the second half of the eighteenth century was regarded as the foremost grammar school in the west of England, Tom Poole was supplied with only the rudiments of learning, and in 1791 settled quietly down to the tanning business at Stowey, but not allowing that business wholly to engross his attention. The times were indeed stirring times. Old things were passing away, and the dawn of most momentous changes was breaking. In France the Revolution had burst forth in all its fury. Nor was it long before its principles began to find sympathizers on British soil, though the majority regarded them with undisguised horror. Tom Poole, having examined the question, made up his mind that the Revolution was almost inevitable in the circumstances, and as he was "not the person to preserve an unpopular opinion, or to be silent when any one of his cherished ideals were attacked or misrepresented," we may be quite sure that he did not always find it easy to live in peace with his neighbors. We are told that after Tom Paine had published his famous "Rights of Man," in answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," the same thing happened to Poole that had happened in the ages

long ago to Ishmael, the son of Hagar. His hand was against every man's hand, and every man's hand was against his hand. Tom Poole still further displayed his contempt for the conventional tones of thought and feeling by appearing in public without a cocked hat, and without a grain of powder in his hair. Matters went on from bad to worse until, as Mrs. Sandford tells us, the small world of Stowey and Bridgwater made no secret that it was very much shocked, and at times almost inclined to believe that Tom Poole ought to be denounced as a public enemy.

In 1794 Poole met Coleridge and Southey, who were both young men, both fervent sympathizers with the Revolution, both brimming over with the ardor of young converts. To Coleridge Poole took a fancy at once. Coleridge had come to Bristol for the first time to join Southey, Lovell, Burnett, and other young enthusiasts who wished to carry into practical execution a wild scheme which the mystical Coleridge, fresh from the University of Cambridge, had denominated by the outlandish appellation of Pantisocracy or Asphetism, but which would be more correctly described by the name "Nephelo-coccygia."

This "fire-new" project, although it occupied and unsettled the minds of those who were responsible for its projection for the space of nearly two years, was anything but original, as social schemes seldom are. Many of our readers will remember that the melancholy Abraham Cowley more than a century previously had resolved to retire with his books to a lodge in some wilderness on the other side of the Atlantic, and that centuries previously the philosopher Plotinus, in the most corrupt age of the Roman Empire, had entreated the Emperor Gallienus to give him a deserted town in Campania, in order that he might colonize it with philosophers and so exhibit to an admiring world, and above all to the remotest posterity, the grand spectacle of a school of the sages, and show how joyful and pleasant a thing it is for

¹ See Thomas Poole and his Friends. Two vols. Macmillan.

brethren to dwell together in unity. The Pantisocratists, however, wished to realize a different ideal. To migrate to the wilds of the Susquehanna; to work hard; to rise up early; to take rest late; to eat the bread of carefulness, and above all else, to solace their leisure hours by the composition of epic poems destined, in their own opinions, if not in those of others, to hand down their names to an imperishable immortality—such were the plans which this courageous band had the spirit to form. And why was it that their gigantic visionary scheme was not realized? Merely for the lack of the necessary funds. Money was wanted, and money could not be had. One by one the projectors forsook the society of each other. Robert Southey married a wife, left her at the church door, and then started for Portugal. Coleridge, highly offended, retired to the North. Lovell and Edmund Seward, Southey's friends, took ill and died. But we are digressing.

In the winter of 1796 Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey, who had not lost sight of that "noticeable man with the large grey eyes," Samuel Taylor Coleridge, tried to induce him to take up his abode at Stowey. Having found a small house, the rent of which was only seven pounds a year, Poole secured it for Coleridge and bade him come. Still dreaming of Pantisocracy and its attendant manual labor, Coleridge came to Stowey in the Christmas week of 1796. For Coleridge throughout life the planning of schemes was simply paradise, and the execution of them simply purgatory. His visions, it has been well said, resemble those gorgeous palaces of architectural students who give scope to their fancies because they are incapable of realization. Coleridge would have uttered half-a-dozen epic poems in prose over his after-dinner wine, or his afternoon tea. But the misfortune was that when his head had apparently executed all that it could execute, his right hand would invariably forget its cunning. The mould might be ready, the metal might be bubbling over in the furnace, and

yet Coleridge would have been incapable of running off the one into the other.

The house in which Coleridge fixed his residence at Stowey was "a miserable cottage," and is now transformed into an inn, and greatly increased in size.¹ The cottage in Coleridge's time, we are told, consisted of two small and rather dark little parlors, one on each side of the front door, looking straight into the street. In the rear was a small kitchen, entirely lacking in modern conveniences, and necessitating the kindling of a fire, when such a luxury was required on the hearth. Above these were probably no more than four sleeping apartments. By the back door the inmates obtained access to a long strip of kitchen garden, through which communication was obtained with that of Thomas Poole, which ran down from another part of Nether Stowey into the same lane. In this retreat, despite many inconveniences, Coleridge and his wife and child contrived to make themselves very comfortable. He had married a wife—Miss Sara Fricker—in 1795, and of this union there were as yet only one child, a son, named Hartley, after David Hartley, for whose philosophy Coleridge's admiration was unbounded. On March 26, 1797, the poet could write of his retreat in the following strain:—

Beside one friend

Beneath the impervious covert of one oak,
I've raised a lowly shed, and know the
names

Of husband and of father; not unhearing
Of that divine and nightly whispering voice
Which, from my childhood to maturer
years,

Spake to me of predestinated wreaths
Bright with no unfading colors.

To his friend John Thelwall he wrote in the same year, saying: "We are very happy, and my little David Hartley grows a sweet boy . . . I raise potatoes, and all manner of vegetables; have an orchard; and shall raise corn (with the spade) enough for

¹ A medallion which has lately been affixed notifies the fact that it was once the residence of Coleridge.

my family. We have two pigs, and ducks and geese. A cow would not answer to keep; for we have whatever we want from T. Poole." The poet, however, lay under obligations to Tom Poole other than those of milk. Among these were Tom Poole's company, the run of his house, and of his quiet book-room up-stairs, and the jasmine arbor in the garden, a particular, romantic spot which Coleridge designated his "Elysium." At Stowey, in 1797, Coleridge was visited by some notable friends who were seeking rest and change, both of which they found in profusion. Thither, not long after that domestic tragedy which so saddened their lives, came Charles and Mary Lamb, and thither at a subsequent date came William Hazlitt, fresh from dwelling with Mesech and having his habitation among the tents of Kedar. Charles Lloyd, the son of a wealthy Birmingham banker, and a poet of no ordinary calibre, was another of Coleridge's visitors. At Stowey Lloyd composed a dramatic poem of considerable merit, entitled "The Duke D'Ormond," and published, in conjunction with Charles Lamb, in 1797, a volume of sonnets and other poems, besides a translation of the comedies of Vittorio Alfieri. Southey was only an occasional visitor to Stowey, coming over now and then from Bristol or Buriton, near Christchurch. On one occasion, in a letter to a friend dated August 20, 1799, Southey says: "I write to you from Stowey, and at the same table with Coleridge. . . . I have been some days wholly immersed in conversation. In one point of view Coleridge and I are bad companions for each other. Without being talkative I am conversational, and the hours slip away, and the ink dries upon the pen in my hand." Coleridge was busying himself with French and German literature, and contributing revolutionary essays to journals addressed in "The New Morality," as "Couriers" and "Stars," sedition's evening host, Thou "Morning Chronicle" and "Morning Post."

The month of June, 1797, was destined to be a very noteworthy one in the life of Coleridge. It was in that month that the poet met Wordsworth and his sister at Racedown in Dorsetshire. While yet a Cambridge undergraduate, Coleridge had been struck by the poetic instinct which Wordsworth had manifested in his "Descriptive Sketches," and their meeting was mutually satisfactory. Coleridge invited Wordsworth and his sister to visit him at Stowey, and his invitation was accepted. For more than a fortnight the visitors sojourned at Stowey, highly gratified with the enchanting scenery, and Coleridge's delightful society. Miss Dorothy Wordsworth, the accomplished sister of the poet, has thus described the attractions of the spot, as they were seen on their first arrival: "There is everything here; the sea; woods wild as fancy ever painted; and William and I, in a wander by ourselves, found out a sequestered waterfall in a dell formed by steep hills covered by full-grown timber trees. The woods are as fine as those at Lowther, and the country more romantic; it has the character of the less grand parts of the lakes. From the end of the house we have a fine view of the sea over a wooded country; and exactly opposite the window where I now sit is an immense wood whose round top has the appearance of a mighty dome. A quarter of a mile from the house is the waterfall of which I spoke." We may mention that it was by the side of this waterfall that Wordsworth composed his "Lines in Early Spring," in our judgment one of the sweetest of his lyrical compositions:—

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Hard by lies a dell which is now known as "Wordsworth's Glen," because it was a favorite rendezvous of the two poets and their friends. During this memorable sojourn Wordsworth and his sister, "in a wander by ourselves," found their way into the coomb or dell,

spoken of above, and following the course of a brook they pursued their way to a spot, about two miles distant, called Alfoxden or Alfoxton, so delightful that they were forced to indulge in "dreams of happiness in a little cottage, and passing wishes that such a place might be found out." Some days afterwards they discovered that Alfoxden Hall was to let. The rent was nominal, and the Wordsworths agreeing to become the tenants, took up their abode there with Basil Montagu, a child of great promise of whom they were then taking charge. "The house," says Dorothy Wordsworth, "is a large mansion with furniture enough for a dozen families like ours. . . . The garden is at the end of the house and our favorite parlor . . . looks that way. . . . The front of the house is to the south, but it is screened from the sun by a high hill which rises immediately from it. This hill is beautiful, scattered irregularly with trees, and topped with fern. . . . Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys with small brooks running down them; the hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with fern and bilberries or oak woods, which are cut for charcoal. . . . Walks extend for miles over the hilltops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity; they are perfectly smooth, without rocks." It was in this rural paradise that he who was destined hereafter, in the Victorian age, to wear the laureate's bays now settled down. He saw much of Coleridge, who occasionally officiated in a Unitarian pulpit at Bridgwater and Taunton, in the neighborhood, and was writing a tragedy called "Osorio," which he had undertaken at the request of Sheridan. Wordsworth and his sister kept much to themselves. The poet was shy, reserved, given to self-introspection, and to communing with nature. The tendency of his mind was strongly speculative and metaphysical, and though he wrote a tragedy at Alfoxden, it was unworthy of his great powers.

If the good folk of Stowey were disturbed by the presence of Coleridge,

Poole, and Wordsworth, three deep sympathizers with revolutionary doctrines, how much more must they have been disturbed by the presence of John Thelwall, who honored Stowey with his presence in the summer of 1797? Thelwall was a proscribed, a hunted fugitive. By the skin of his teeth, as Job says, he had escaped the terrible ordeal of a State trial for treason in 1794. Weary of earth, and laden with care, he sought some solitude, some place to live and die unseen. He came to Stowey at Coleridge's invitation, and the uneasiness created by his visit was so great that the government of the day, of which Pitt was the head, despatched a spy to keep a watch upon Wordsworth's doings. Coleridge was a married man, well known to his neighbors in Stowey. Wordsworth was a bachelor, unknowable. Coleridge would talk. Wordsworth would cast an impenetrable *egis* around himself. What he with great felicity said of Milton was equally applicable to himself: "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart." Thelwall was still a pariah. It was whispered that he often found his way to the secluded retreat at Alfoxden, and uttered "things" enough to make all good Tories quake in their shoes. At length Mrs. St. Albyn, the owner of Alfoxden, interposed. She had heard, she informed Wordsworth by letter, unpleasant rumors respecting her tenants, and felt obliged to give them notice to quit. Vain was it for Tom Poole to write to her in favor of Wordsworth's respectability, and to emphasize the fact that one of his uncles was a Tory, and above all a canon of Windsor, that he was a man fond of retirement—fond of reading and writing—and that he had never had above two gentlemen at a time with him. All this was of no avail with the scandalized Tory lady. And so they were forced to say farewell to Alfoxden. The inoffensive sister and the inoffensive brother, he who could say of himself:—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,

even he had to depart. This, however, did not take place until June, 1798, and in the interim one of the finest pieces in the English language was written, "The Ancient Mariner." In the autumn of 1797, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Poole went on a walking expedition from Alfoxden to Porlock, Linton, and Lynmouth. On the road Coleridge related a remarkable dream which had been dreamed by John Cruikshank, a resident of Nether Stowey, and which he had been thinking of making the subject of a poem. As the trio walked on the subject was worked out. Coleridge suggested that an ancient mariner should be punished for some crime by ghostly hauntings. Wordsworth, who had been perusing Shelvocke's "Voyages," published in 1726, and had been struck by the author's description of the albatross, then suggested to Coleridge that his ancient mariner should kill one of these birds, and be punished for his cruelty by the tutelary spirits of the region in which the act was perpetrated. And so originated "The Ancient Mariner," that weird poem the merits of which many of our readers, we doubt not, will have been slow to appreciate. We may mention that in Shelvocke's narrative an albatross is shot in the hopes of causing some improvement in the state of the weather. On this fact, or rather the expansion of this fact, Coleridge's poem was based. Thomas de Quincey has, in his "Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets," fallen foul of Coleridge for not having expressed his obligations to Shelvocke. "In the year 1810," he says, "I happened to be amusing myself by reading, in their chronological order, the great classical circumnavigations of the earth; and, coming to Shelvocke, I met with a passage to this effect: That Hatley, his second mate (*i.e.*, lieutenant), being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather in the solitary sea which they were then traversing was due to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship; upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition.

There I at once saw the germ of 'The Ancient Mariner;' and I put a question to Coleridge accordingly." Whether Coleridge was ignorant of Shelvocke's narrative, or whether he had read it and forgotten it, surely matters but little. "The Ancient Mariner" was finished and sent to the press, and in due course made its appearance.

But Coleridge's literary activity at Stowey was not represented solely by those productions to which we have already made reference. In his cottage at Nether Stowey during 1798 he produced the first part of "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," the tragedy of the "Remorse," "France," "This Lime Tree Bower," "Fears in Solitude," "The Nightingale," "The Wandering of Cain," "Frost at Midnight," "The Picture," and the lines addressed to his brother and Wordsworth. Of the circumstances in which "Kubla Khan" — a dream within a dream as it has been not inaptly described — Coleridge has himself left us a brief account. "In the summer of the year 1797," he says, "the author, then in ill-health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's 'Pilgrimage': 'Here the Kubla Khans commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved." It might very naturally be expected that the poet would

commemorate his snug retreat in his verses, and this he has accordingly done in the subjoined lines : —

And now, beloved Stowey ! I behold
Thy church-tower, and methinks the four
huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my
friend ;
And close behind them, hidden from my
view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace !
With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I
tend !

Like the recluse of Olney — the melancholy William Cowper — Coleridge had come to share that poet's fondness for the domestic hearth, when the labors of the day had ended. It was while sitting beside his peaceful cottage hearth at Stowey that he composed that beautiful and pathetic poem entitled "Frost at Midnight," from which we will quote a few lines : —

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelp'd by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud — and hark, again ! loud as before.

The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude which suits
Abstruser musings : save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed ! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and
wood,
This populous village ! Sea, and hill, and
wood,

With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams ! The thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not ;
Only that film, which flutter'd on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling
Spirit

By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

Having apostrophized his little sleeping son who is lying cradled by his side, and commended him to the care of Heaven, the poet proceeds thus : —

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to
thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general
earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and
sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare
branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the night thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eve-
drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

Despite the unpleasant circumstances to which we have adverted, Wordsworth could regard his stay at Alfoxden only "as a very pleasant and productive time of his life," and, as in the case of Coleridge, some of his best-known verses were inspired by its scenery. The romantic glen, of which mention has been made, was the scene of his "Idiot Boy." The ballad "We are Seven," "An Anecdote for Fathers," "The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman," "The Last of the Flock," "Her Eyes are Wild," "A Night Piece," "Ruth the Thorn," "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," "Peter Bell," "A Whirl-Blast from behind the Hill," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," "Lines Written in Early Spring," "To My Sister," "To Simon Lee," "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," "Animal Tranquillity and Decay" — all these poems were written at Alfoxden during the poet's sojourn there between 1798 and 1799.¹ We may add that the passages of the "Excursion" which describe the affliction of Margaret, and the lines which form the conclusion of the fourth book, were indited in the same congenial retreat. We may mention, furthermore, on the authority of Mrs. Sandford, who has been familiar with the traditions of the Quantocks from her very earliest days, that the entire poem of "The Idiot Boy" was suggested by some words that were actually used by an unfortunate, half-witted youth who was a

¹ Nichols's Quantocks.

familiar figure to the inhabitants of Nether Stowey and the neighboring villages: "The cocks did crow, and the moon did shine so cold." The poem itself was composed, "almost extempore," in the groves of Alfoxden, "in gratitude to those happy moments of which it was the offspring." While we are on the subject it is worth noting that the incident which Wordsworth commemorated in the poem called "The Last of the Flock," occurred at a village called Holford, not far distant from Alfoxden. Simon Lee, it seems, had been huntsman to "the squires of Alfoxden," and his "moss-grown hut of clay" occupied a spot on the common a few yards from the entrance of the park, and "near the waterfall." With Simon, Wordsworth was personally acquainted, and had on several occasions observed the joyous smile which lit up the time-worn countenance of the old rustic whenever "the chiming hounds were out." The words "I dearly love their voice" were but the echoes of those which the huntsman had used, and the poetical sketch, not overdrawn in the least, was taken from life. No wonder that in after years Coleridge, when referring to the sojourn of the elder moralist, could say that he beheld "no clearer view than any loveliest sight of yesterday, that summer under whose indulgent skies, upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge, they roved unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan coombs."

We have already intimated in a former portion of this article that Coleridge's religious opinions were decidedly Socinian, or, as they would now be generally termed, Unitarian, and that he had on several occasions, or as often as the need existed, occupied the pulpits of that denomination at Taunton and elsewhere. His mind was impelled strongly towards theology, and we are among those who believe that he rendered great service towards this study, the highest indeed of all studies, though the merits of Coleridge the poet have all but eclipsed the merits of Coleridge the theologian. In 1798 he was on the point of deciding finally to

undertake duty as a regular Unitarian minister, though he was somewhat doubtful in regard to his eligibility, and apprehensive lest the heterodoxy of his political creed should prove a bar to his advancement. Fortunately for himself, though perhaps unfortunately for the Unitarian body, this step was frustrated.

Among his many friends Thomas Poole numbered two, whose names can never be mentioned without reverence by any lover of the memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. These were the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, of Etruria, in Staffordshire, the sound of whose names has gone out unto all the earth as the originators of a remarkable and costly species of pottery ware. Thomas Wedgwood had been a patient of Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, and in 1798 had more than once paid a visit to Thomas Poole at Nether Stowey, and had there met Coleridge and Wordsworth, whom he had recognized as men destined to leave their mark upon their times. Thomas Wedgwood himself was no ordinary man. Nature had endowed him, as the old anatomists were wont to say, with good parts. His proficiency in the study of metaphysics won the respect even of such a master in Israel as Coleridge was himself. Disease had, however, marked him for its own. He could now only wander from place to place in the vain quest of that priceless treasure, bodily health. Hearing from Poole that Coleridge had set out for Shrewsbury in order to undertake the duties of a Unitarian pulpit in that town, he addressed a letter—characteristic in every line of himself—offering the poet, in his own name and in that of his estimable brother, an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds. After some hesitation this generous offer was accepted. Unitarian pulpits were abandoned, and Coleridge was placed forever above the reach of actual want.

The spring and summer of 1798 were to be the last which Wordsworth and Coleridge were to spend together on "smooth Quantock's airy ridge." Time

was therefore precious to them. They were seldom absent from one another, and when they were it was for no very long intervals. When Wordsworth wrote the "Prelude" it is all but certain that he was thinking of the summer that he spent at Alfoxden — "the buoyant spirits that were our daily portion when we first together wanted in wild poesy" — "the kindred influence" which found its way to "the heart of hearts" from "that capacious soul, placed on this earth to love and understand," and in whose society

Thoughts and things

In the self-haunting spirit learned to take
More rational proportions ; mystery,
The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,
Of life and death, time and eternity,
Admitted more habitually a mild
Interposition — a serene delight
In closer gathering cares, such as become

A human creature howsoever endowed,
Poet, or destined for a humbler name.
And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
The rapture of the hallelujah sent
From all that breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed

And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
Of Providence ; and in reverence for duty,
Here, if need be, struggling with storms,
and there
Strewing in peace life's humblest ground
with herbs,

At every season green, sweet at all hours.¹

It had long been one of the earnest and sincerest desires of Coleridge's life to pay a visit to Germany ; and, having now the means of doing so, the poet determined to realize his wish. Accompanied by the Wordsworths, he quitted Stowey in 1798 for Yarmouth, and thence crossed to Hamburg, and thence proceeded to Germany. His chief objects were to study metaphysical philosophy and the German language and literature. Nor did he fail to achieve both of these objects. In the "Biographia Literaria" the curious reader will find Coleridge's narrative of his travels, whom he conversed with, what he thought, felt, liked, disliked, and saw. Thomas Poole and other of

the good folk of Stowey received occasional epistles from "that Ancient Man, the bright-eyed Mariner," as Wordsworth styles him, and great was the joy that the receipt of them invariably occasioned, for Coleridge was a past-master of the art of correspondence, in an age when correspondence was still an art. After a sojourn of fourteen months on German soil, Coleridge returned home to his old roof at Stowey, with a prodigious stock of varied erudition. He had, however, lost the relish which he had once possessed for Stowey. Absence had cooled his love. Tom Poole was still resident in the spot, but Wordsworth had migrated to the north of England, and Coleridge pined for the congenial society of Wordsworth and his amiable sister. Every walk that he took in or about Stowey reminded him only too forcibly of that glorious summer of 1798 when Wordsworth was sojourning in the vicinity. At last he determined to migrate to Greta Hall, near Keswick, Wordsworth's abode, and finally quitted Stowey in 1800. He did not visit the spot again until 1807. That visit was his last, although the poet lived until 1835. Good Tom Poole passed home in the autumn of 1837, to the lasting sorrow of the denizens of Stowey. Southey died in 1843. Wordsworth was called away seven years later. Nine years before he came to the grave in a full age, "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season," Wordsworth visited the old beloved spots for the last time in the flesh. This was in 1841. "We visited," he subsequently wrote, "all my old haunts in and about Alfoxden and Nether Stowey. These were farewell visits for life, and of course not a little interesting." The poet was accompanied by his wife and daughter and a few select friends. But she who had in early life trodden these scenes with him, whose counsel and sympathy had been so dear to him — whose many graces and accomplishments are commemorated in his verse — where was she ? Lying a sad spectacle both in mind and body at her brother's quiet

¹ The Prelude, book xiv.

home in the Lake District. As the venerable seer took his stand for the last time in the romantic glen which had inspired his early muse, as he recalled the past with its sad, sad memories, as he gazed with wistful eye into the trackless, unknown future, what wonder if those solemn lines of a brother bard should have crossed his mind : —

Call it not vain. They do not err
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groans reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF MARGRÉDEL :

BEING A FIRESIDE HISTORY OF A
FIFESHIRE FAMILY.

MY family and the Oliphants were sib. I do not believe, however, that the blood ties would have been very binding, had not my father sailed one of Wull Oliphant's ships, and had the misfortune to be drowned in the business. After that Mr. Oliphant kept stepping in upon us on his way to and from the harbor. I do not think that he missed a week, or fourteen days at the most, except on those occasions when, as all the town knew, he disappeared for a fortnight at a time. This would happen once in a twelvemonth, I believe ; and he never made any one the wiser as to where he had been. Twice a year, too, Meg Orrick, the post-runner, delivered a letter from him at our house. Had my mother eagerly looked forward to its coming (which she did not), I dare say I should have known what was in it, for we had no secrets after my father's death. As it was, years passed before I knew that Wull Oliphant paid the rent and other things besides. I can truly say that

my mother was happier on seeing him than on seeing his letter, and that says much for both of them, for she was only a poor widow woman, and he was the most well-to-do man along the coast. Besides, he was a big man to come up so many stairs. I think I hear him in the lobby now (for if by chance the door was not back to the wall he would lift the latch himself), drawing long breaths before he could cry : —

"Are ye in, Mrs. Anne ?"

He always added to himself, "Man, I'm pechin' ;" yet he seldom sat down in the parlor, but asked, "Are ye a' weel ? I just cried in to see ;" and said his short say standing in the lobby with my mother. It did not matter who was with her, or what she was doing, she always ran out to Wull Oliphant when she heard his voice on the top of the stairs. I used to think that she looked very well as she stood beside him, with the little black cap on her head which the neighbors said she was setting at him. They need not have wasted their words. He told her more of his affairs than he told anybody living, and was very kind to her, as he was to everybody who deserved it, and to many who did not. She, in turn, was very grateful to him, without ever forgetting her dead husband. It could never have slipped my memory that it was on the 19th of October that my father was washed overboard, for the house was always very quiet on that day, — my mother, who was the life of it at other times, being silent, and much taken up, as it seemed to me, with looking out to sea.

Once a year we took dinner with Mr. Oliphant. It was always somewhere about Hansel Monday that we went, for I remember that dining at the Oliphants' crowned the joys of singing-cakes and other delights. I dare say, however, that we were asked just when Thrift Hetherwick, the housekeeper, wished us. It was well known that Wull was under Thrift's thumb. I tell you all this because it was when we went home from one of these dinners that I asked my mother about the Oli-

phants, and that she told me about Wull and his brother Douglas, and the boy and the girl who were buried at Kemback. But she could not tell me anything about Margrédél—or said that she could not—and wondered that I should ask about her. Then I told her what had happened after the ladies had left the table that night.

It chanced that there was a little girl in the company, and she and I, being children, and, as it were, there on sufferance only, were not given a place with the others, but were set down at a little table by the fire, which we enjoyed greatly. Our glasses were filled with some wine and water, and every now and then, as the habit was, we looked towards our elders and said, "Your health, Bailie Malcolm," or, "Your health, Miss Pratt," and sipped our claret. Then I heard my mother say to Mr. Oliphant:—

"The laddie's fourteen thi' day."

Wull said to me:—

"Here's your health, my boy, an' many happy returns;" and all the company looked at me and drank my health, and, turning to my mother, he said:—

"He's a well-grown lad. He maun be a great comfort to you." And I felt very proud.

Because it was my birthday, I was allowed to sit with the gentlemen after the ladies had gone. So I sat on, never opening my lips, but listening to the gentlemen talking and laughing; and all went well until, because of the claret in my head, most likely, I began to yawn.

"Run away to the drawing-room," said Wull. "You're wearying to get to that girlie."

Then what does young Landale, the lawyer, but say:—

"Some folks have to go farther to see their lady friends."

Now Wull Oliphant was a mild man—none milder; but he was very quick as well, as big, flat-shouldered men often are. So he says very sharp:—

"What may you mean, Mr. Landale?"

To this the young man replies very

quietly as if there had been a quarrel between them before,—

"I've heard o' folks going all the way to France to see them, and never say that they had been, for all that it takes a fortnight to go and come."

I think the gentlemen all opened their eyes on one another at this speech; but Wull did not reply to it, nor was any more said on the matter. But afterwards, when the company was rising, Wull came round the backs of the chairs till he stood, near where I was, at Mr. Landale's elbow.

"You're a puppy, sir, a puppy," he said into his ear, though I could hear him, being young and sharp at sounds. Then he walked back and opened the door for his company.

That was the story that I told my mother; and although she could not throw light on it—or did not choose to do so—I never forgot it. It led me to make inquiries into the following affairs, concerning the truth of which my cousinliness with Wull Oliphant gave me, at his death, unusual means of learning. Not that I know much more than my fellow-townsmen, among whom the facts have been well sifted, so that few errors have not fallen to the ground. For them this story, one of many such, did not need to be written down; but there may be some abroad who wish to hear the truth of a history which often whiles away a winter night in our town.

CHAPTER I.

IN his young days,—that was in the young days of the century,—Douglas Oliphant had the reputation of being the handsomest youth in the streets of Kirkealdy. "He has a leg," might have said the clever lady in the novel, and summed up in the saying his graces of person and position; only, did you know the town as I have known it, you would not look in its society to find a Mrs. Mountstuart. It was a royal progress he made eastwards against the sun, from the porch of his father's house to the harbor where his father's ships lay. The faces of the damsels looked fascinating behind the

small window-panes in the High Street, nor was he slow to give them recognition, as their eyes grew round at the sight of the graceful figure that swaggered below.

Even so had swaggered, in his heyday, his grandfather before him, on these same streets, beneath these very windows. For the Oliphants had aye been handsome, men and women of them (and that was their curse), from the barber founder of the house, whose face was his fortune, down to this young Douglas; and the list was long of maids who had to rue their knowledge of this burgher family of merchant shipowners.

In Kirkenaldy (whether you take it now or a century ago—time has not changed it much) is but one street, creeping along the foot of the hill which slopes down almost to where the waters of the Firth break, and leaves little flat footing for a town. The houses have crept close together, as if to escape, as far as possible, the east wind, which for many months of the year blows on them from the North Sea. At times it sweeps through the mouth of the Firth, a perfect hurricane; up the narrow wynds, and cutting the corner gables with its bitter tooth, clears the street of passengers and bangs the close-doors rudely. In earlier days it even brought with it the sea, forcing it up every wynd and lane till it met on the street and splashed with spray the wheels of the mail-coach on its way to the National. There were sensible reasons for imagining that these visitations were specially designed by Providence for cleansing. At any rate, the back-going tide left the town and its inhabitants looking all the fresher for their battle with the wind and the spray.

All good people who reach a mature age—that is, who have ceased to feed on hope in this world, and live in the lessons of their past—have one spot or scene or figure, often it is only the memory of one, round which their affections gather. So it is with good old towns. Sometimes it is a cathedral, sometimes a market-cross, or a well, or

a bridge, or even a tap-room. It matters not what it is, or how it has become the rallying-point of the town's forces. It is identified with the town itself. Here is to be found the concentrated essence of its life. Here all its interests are focussed, even as all the events of the good man's life, all the tides of his feelings, ebb and flow around his hallowed spot. The very exile pictures it when his heart goes back to his native town. Synecdoche is the heart's figure of speech.

The centre of Kirkcaldy's life in the days of Douglas Oliphant was the harbor. A fleet of vessels lay outside in the bay. Ships were ever crossing the bar, making their way among the timber-lighters, from which the *yo ho!* *yo ho!* of the bargemen resounded all day long among the pierhead houses. Merchants, sailors, custom-house officers thronged the quay. A strip of uncausewayed footpath, opposite the custom-house, through whose open windows telescopes stood ready pointed, was known as the Sailors' Walk, and here ship-captains paced out hours together, talking yarns and looking seawards through the masts when their eyes were not cocked on the weather, after the fashion of old salts. From Adam Bendalaw's tavern on the west side of the old east port there was not a house that did not contain Dutch cabinets, Chinese ornaments, trophies from every land, and all that marks the seafaring life.

At every second door almost of this bit of street was a tavern. The well-sanded floors were two or three steps below the level of the causeway. Their windows being small, they were dark by day and they reeked of sperm-oil all night. Beyond the front room, in which the drink was sold, there was a second with a window in the back wall, on the sea, which led naturally to the one topic of conversation that held with the customers. The atmosphere, moral as well as physical, of the East End, smelled of whiskey and tar.

There was a West End, of course. In a sense this had to be, for this single old-fashioned street, with its crow-

stepped gables and outside stairs, lay east and west, so far as a direction could be given to anything so tortuous and winding. Thus it happens that to this day men speak of going east and west, not up and down, the street; and citizens who, in the less virtuous age of toddy suppers, took a wrong direction in issuing from up-stairs doors and fell over the low parapet to the causeway, have been known to exercise their philosophy by declaring, as they picked themselves up, that they were "goin' wast hooever." In a social sense, also, there was a West End, rearing itself on the decline of the shipping trade, and sheltering a new community of shopkeepers, manufacturers, and bankers. But for long after our story even the National Hotel, standing in its midst with a welcome door, held second place only in its heart. Irresistibly it was drawn eastwards by the harbor; and there were days, such as that on which the whaling fleet sailed away, when the new town was silent as Herculaneum.

Just at the junction of the east and west stood the Flemish-looking house of the Oliphants. A pillared porch led off the street into a flag-paved lobby which ran, with the help of a few steps, to a similar porch on the garden side. For the garden lay up the rising ground to the back, a strangely fresh, quiet spot, to be so near the bustle of the grey street. From this lowest floor a fine oak staircase mounted up three stories to the dome at the top. On each story was a landing which gave entrance to the different rooms.

It was a century old, this house, and tenanted by none but Oliphants, for it was built by the barber afore-mentioned, with the money brought him by his wife, Janet Hope, the dowered daughter of a long line of landed lawyers. It was a strange old story, how, high-born as she was, the handsome youth aroused her passion, and he married her, old and ill-favored and all, with the curse of the young girl, young mother, whom he had deceived, ringing in his ears. Children came of

the marriage, — handsome sons, beautiful daughters; but the daughters died, and the curse descended, and the old house was the home, through generations, of ill-living men who mourned wives and mothers and sisters, while the iron of the curse ate into their souls.

There came a morning when Douglas Oliphant made his last journey from the old house to the harbor for many days to come. Few were to be seen at midday on the quay who could afford their "meridian." Douglas and that young spark, Captain Banbury of the Ayrshire Fencibles, who spent his short forenoons with him on the pier, followed, only too readily, the customs of the day. Lucky Mitchelston's tavern was crowded when they reached it. The royal mail-coach stood empty at the door, blocking the narrow way; within, post-boys and passengers shouted for drinks, and the two bloods stood back in the booth and discussed wine and women. What exactly they talked of so loudly I never knew, — of some midnight debauch undoubtedly.

"And what about the old cock?" said Banbury.

"My father? What of him?" Douglas replied. "He'll be playing 'penny brag' in here or at Bandalow's till he sits in the sawdust. If he get home to bed, the hin'-most trump wouldn't wake him!"

"You see what you are coming to," the other said. "The old cock crows."

"And the young ane learns. Oh! we're game stock."

There was commotion in the room beyond, the door of which stood always wide. A tall, straight old man, the picture of Douglas, as I recollect him, rushed out. Banbury's pull at his friend's sleeve and his whispered warning were too late. Old Oliphant had been within earshot, and now he seized the jehu's whip.

"I'll learn you to crow, my cockerel! There, and there, and there," he said, raining down blows on his son's shoulders.

A ship sailed that night for the Bal-

tic. In the afternoon Douglas stepped on board and bade the captain count him a passenger. The master knew the reason. It had flown over the town in a twinkling that old Oliphant had beat young Douglas out of Lucky Mitchelston's. He knew well that counsel was of no avail; but at least, he said, he might make arrangements — wine, clean linen — for the passenger's comfort. Douglas had no objections. The messenger despatched for these carried a letter from the captain to Douglas's father, asking for instructions. The tide was flowing, and the ship must be clear of the harbor in an hour. The old man was dining, and Marjory took him the master's letter. He tore it in pieces, and flung them in her face.

"It'll tame the whalp," he cried, and went on drinking.

When the mate returned he had to make his way through a crowd which his news, breathlessly imparted on his road westwards, had brought to the pier. He delivered his message verbatim, and Douglas, standing within ear-shot, but keeping a cheek, with a great wale on it, towards the sea, laughed back to the captain.

"The whalp's going to his couch," he cried, as he went below; and soon the Arctic was tacking down by the Bass.

Of the events of the next years — the capture of the ship, Douglas's exile in the enemy's prisons, and all his adventures on French soil — my story cannot tell here, although of the sad fruits of some of them it will have to make a record. But at last, one early dawn, he crossed the Firth at Pettycur, and the coach delivered him at the National. He walked the short distance to his father's house, and mounted the stair.

His father was coming down, and they met. The old man started and flushed. Then he held out his hand.

"Dug! How are ye? It's an ill aff-come ye've had," he said.

"By Gad! sir, and this reception's the illst part of it," was the reply.

"Laddie, laddie," the old man said,

laying his hand on his son's shoulder. "Dinna, ye think I'm glad to ha'e ye back?" Then he went on: "Wull's at his breakfast. See if Marjory has none for you."

His father turned down-stairs as Douglas sprang up to the first landing, and opened the dining-room door. When he entered a fair-haired boy ran to meet him. He had heard the step and risen, as he thought he recognized it, his love and hope racing in his veins so that he trembled, and his usually pale face was crimson. He threw himself into his brother's arms.

"O Dug! Dug! and you're back again. Where have you been a' this time?"

"First let's have breakfast, Wull," Douglas said. "I've been half the night on the Firth since I tasted. Ye'll hear the rest by and by."

He sat down to breakfast and ate heartily, while his brother waited on him, and ever and again looked excitedly from the bull's-eye windows and told who passed on the street beneath.

"Now, lad," said Douglas, when he had finished, "let's to the harbor."

"And see father," said Willy.

"I've seen him already," said Douglas gloomily. "I met him on the stair."

"And what said he, Dug? He's been dying with the thought o' your being drowned. Did ye notice him older?"

"It was a cool greeting he gave me, anyway."

"O Dug!" was all Willy's reply.

Willy took his brother's arm as they went out, looking proudly up at the bronzed face.

"Man, Wull," Douglas said, halting a minute and gazing round, "this place smells of home."

When they reached the bottom of the stair, in the dark recess where it turned on the lobby, their way was blocked.

"Father! father!"

Willy's cry sounded up the staircase to the very dome where the morning rays struggled with the cobwebs. Old Oliphant had turned to descend when

Douglas and he parted, but the shock had been too much for him. He had fallen to the foot, and lay there a lifeless heap while his boys breakfasted above.

Already Willy was on his knees beside his father, and his brother bent over him.

"Stay. We'll carry him to his room," commanded Douglas.

Willy sprang to his feet, his golden hair hanging over his neck, and his eyes flashing.

"You've killed him, Dug! you've killed him!"

"Hush, lad," said the other, attempting to lift the heavy load in his arms. But Willy took the head when they carried the dead man up-stairs.

So Douglas came home to be master. For although by the old man's will the house went to the younger son, the heir, if he turned up, was to have the use of it, as well as his share in the business.

"I swear, Willy, I said nothing to him. I came up the stair, and he met me and put out his hand. Otherwise it was as if I had left yesterday. 'How are ye, Dug?' he said. 'It's an ill aff-comme ye've had.' And I said his cool reception was the worst of it. 'By Gad! sir, this reception's the worst of it.' These were my words, Willy. And he said, 'I'm glad to see ye, Dug, laddie; Marjory'll give you your breakfast;' and I came up to you."

And Willy believed him. Still, the next months were full of disillusionment. Deep down in his affectionate breast he had treasured the memory of the big brother of his boyhood. He had looked for his home-coming, and hope deferred only made his heart glow with a stronger affection, that burst into a perfect passion of love during that short time between Douglas's entrance to the dining-room and the finding of his father's dead body.

But the heart creates its own object of love, and the real brother looked poor beside Willy's creation. He believed him. He loved him still. Yet all was changed. His honest eyes read the selfishness of his brother's nature,

day by day, and Douglas went about ill at ease under the wistful looks which Willy bent on him. Others shrank from him with an uneasy feeling; and Douglas noticed this, and that Willy was the favorite, and that on the quay it was his word that was law. His heart was embittered at these things. He was filled, too, with a repining restlessness. A look of gloom settled down upon his face, yet it seemed only to lend a new grace to it. His dark eye burned all the brighter upon his swarthy, weather-stained cheek. Men turned to look upon him in the street, and the women in the dark window-recesses watched his coming and going, and owned him handsomer than ever.

Then there came a day when he stood looking, from his windows on the lower floor, upon the street below, as Jean Maitland drove past with her ponies. There was laughter on her face like the play of a sunbeam. Farther west, in wide moleskins surmounted by a red waistcoat that matched his honest, merry face, stood the Cupar carrier, Rab Hetherwick, to wit, whose beams were reflected in Jean's face.

"All Eden Braes is here together, Rab," she had said, pulling up by the carrier's cart — "even the cuddies."

"May I no' drive a pair as weel's yersel', m' leddy?" had followed Rab's salute.

"But it's kirk and market with you, Rab. Do you go anywhere without them?"

"Lor' forbid the kirk, mem!" said Rab, in pretended consternation. "They might mak' them elders."

And as Jean shook a finger at him, with an "I'll tell Marget," and whipped up her ponies, the broad grin spread over his face and reflected itself on her clear-cut, delicate features, which were turned up now, half expectantly, to Willy's room. Her eyes took in Douglas in their sweep. She looked again, and Douglas met the look, and her cheek burned as she drove on.

But the eyes are the keys of human hearts, and by the year's end Douglas and she were married.

CHAPTER II.

By the banks of the Eden, where it flows eastwards from Cupar town through green meadows and under wide-boled willows, stood the house of Jean Maitland and the new home of Douglas Oliphant. Not a year before her appearance below his windows had gone like an arrow-shot to Douglas's heart, Jean had been left this house of Eden Braes by the death of the uncle who had brought her up. She was a bright, vivacious girl. Her wealth of spirits sustained her in the somewhat lonely and sparing life she led with her uncle. His death gave her more freedom and a fortune as well as the little estate. The lands on it were farmed by a grieve. She had few friends. Her household cares were light. So she had her heart's content of walking and riding, and her ponies carried her everywhere in the country-side—and one afternoon, as we have seen, to her fate at the feet of the man with the handsome but somewhat sinister face.

That she should have found it where she did surprised many who, poor students of woman's nature, had not learned how useless it is to study it. But it was no surprise to Willy. As far back as he could well remember, the handsome looks of his brother had been remarked. Thus the saying of many an old skipper in those years when Douglas was given up as lost, "He was a braw lad, your brother was," had been backed up too authoritatively by the traditions of the household to trouble him, even had he been given to jealousy. Now that Douglas was back, he had evidence before his eyes, although, it is true, he had in plenty, also, evidence of his brother's unhandsome doings. But love laughs at evidence. Each revelation of the dark side of Douglas's nature pained him, but he remained loyal to his old ideal. And while others wondered, he thought it only natural that Jean should make a hero of him too.

As for that other matter of which the gossips said so much at the time, that Willy himself had fallen in love

with Jean, the truth about it takes longer to tell.

His father and her uncle were friends, and after her adoption visits between the two households became frequent. By this time Douglas had sailed away, and she knew nothing of him except through the stories which reached her country home, and the prattle of his brother Willy, who talked of Douglas, as of all things, with an enthusiasm which made good grounds with her brightness for a common friendship. He was then a mere boy in years; and although she was his elder by a few months only, these counted for more in a girl, and he was put under her charge. He looked up to her with all the pure affection of the early teens for the vision of beauty which first casts its spell upon them. There was one incident which illustrated their relationship—very trivial in itself; but had it not clung to Willy's memory long after more serious affairs had vanished from it, I should never have known of it. On one of the early occasions on which she visited the Oliphants in Kirkcaldy, the two old gentlemen being engaged over their bottle, at which time their conversation was not very elegant, they sent her off to romp with Willy. She found him at the top of the house busy at his school lessons, and, elder-sisterly-wise, as I have explained, she would assist him. Would she hear him his history, then? The period he was reading was that of Monmouth's early successes in the western counties, when men flocked to his banner and the maidens made processions to his camp, to be rewarded by his fine speeches. The elements of romance were in the story of the young conqueror of hearts and kingdoms, and they turned this boy's head as he sat in that dim garret at the feet of the dearest lady the poets ever sang of, and suffered her rebukes. For when she asked him how the village girls were received by the duke, he had half anticipated the question, and "With a kiss!" he answered vehemently, so that she knew what he meant.

"I don't like boys who talk so," she

said without a blush, and went on with the story. And with Monmouth's failure Willy's heart sank, too, and lay as prostrate for Jean's forgiveness as the duke did for his sovereign's mercy. The fairness of women and the despair of the manly heart are earlier than passion. It did not occur to Willy until long afterwards that Jean was not angry, but only thought she ought to be.

When the susceptible years were reached this relationship was well established. But in these years it is the something new which attracts. If boy and girl outlive them without the bewitching novelty appearing, then nothing is more natural than that the early affection should ripen into love. But, as often as not, this novelty does appear. It did to Jean, we know. Whether it did to Willy remains to be told. In the mean time, more unusual influences were moulding his life.

When Douglas did not return, Willy went into his father's business. Too early the elder son had made his own friends and gone his own way, leaving the old man to go his. Now it was different. Partly under Willy's influence, partly under that wonderful one of old age, which is so natural that its absence seems monstrous, and yet so beautiful that it is a token of hope to the race, old Oliphant grew more mellow, and Marjory, looking from the kitchen windows upon the garden in the summer evenings, marvelled to see father and son walk under the trees in such affectionate converse. It was at these times, or over the fire on winter nights, that Willy heard the stories of his family. The relation of memories of the dead is often our first step in convalescence. By it we test our recovery; often it helps towards it. But it sometimes happens that the memory of the dead lies locked up in the heart long after the time when we could not have brought it forth without a tremor. And then there comes a day when a young hand is given the key, and is allowed to draw it out and spread it before the old, dry eyes; and the old, dry heart feels the better for the airs of a new time sweeping through it,

as the old town was the fresher for the winds and the waters rushing through its musty streets. So it was with this old man. He was never happier nor better in his life than he was in these last days when he had Willy as a companion. I have heard it said that some of his boyhood's joys came back to him — his love of the woods, his care of the birds' nests in the garden, his interest in "the carricks," which led him often on Willy's arm to the sands to see the "doe" hailed, and many another not so lovable. It is a kind law that makes an object grow beautiful by the attrition of things not at all lovely in themselves. The withered, sapless undergrowth looks warm and bright if the winter sun only shine upon it.

At this time Willy got the first inkling of a curse that lay like a blight on the family's fortunes. The story was so well known about the harbor that he easily learned more of it, and a sad story it was for his young heart.

One evening the two were walking on their favorite strip below the trees. The sun was low down in the west behind the Norman tower of the church which stood above them on the slope, so near at hand that it might be said that they walked in its shadow. Willy led his father's thoughts easily into the old channels.

"My grandmother died when she was quite young. My mother, Wull, — that's her portrait in the up-stairs front room, — I wasn't a year old when she died."

"And my mother?" said Willy, stopping in his walk.

"Died at your birth, Wull, and's lying up there wi' yoor sisters. All dead. There's never been a woman o' us lived, Wull, and Dug's gone, and only you and me remain."

They walked a little farther; then Willy stopped again.

"Father?"

"Wull."

"Is there no end to it?"

"Pray God, yes, Wull — if Dug's deid."

Strange as it may seem, in Dug's death lay the old man's hope. For a

time his heart had yearned for Wull, as he thought of the blight that was in store for his life. And then like a good spirit had come the thought that the line of the curse was through the eldest son, and that his eldest son was dead. He was sure (and he ransacked the family papers till he confirmed it) that there had been no break in the succession of eldest sons.

But when he met Douglas on the stairs that morning he came back, hope, the feeble hope, died with the sight of him. A mighty sense of justice, even to this ill-fated first-born, strung him up to the calmness of his greeting, which drew forth his son's anger. When Douglas turned up-stairs the reaction was too great, and he died with his dying hope.

Something of all this Willy guessed, bit by bit, as in the months succeeding his father's death, full with the pity of it, he pondered on that history. As for Douglas, he was as indifferent to his own danger as he was to his brother's concern, and returned to his old courses, eating his life out the while, with a regret that ought to have been remorse for the adventures that were past. He sowed his wild oats in view of the town, and the name of Dug Oliphant became a by-word even as far away as Cupar, where the troop of yeomanry he rode a horse in lay for a week each year.

It was while riding with it to one of these annual trainings that he looked for a second time into the eyes which not many days earlier had smitten him. They were riding at ease by Struthers Wood, under the shade of the dykes of Lady Mary's deer-park, with the mad young earl, their colonel, at their head.

"A song!" the earl cried, turning in his saddle,—"a song! Come out, Bob Dowie, and give us a stave. You're no great sodger, but you sing like a lintie."

So adjured, Bob Dowie, the barber of Kirkcaldy High Street, tall and lean, like the Reeve of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, rode out astride as mangy a piebald as ever disgraced a parade-ground, and cleared a lusty throat for

"Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." The strength of forty pairs of lungs was put into the chorus, and twice as many hoofs rang time upon the highroad. The deer within the walls scampered off in a fright, and Jean Maitland in the hollow of the road's elbow bit her upper lip and tightened her ponies' reins, as they reared and plunged till the earl and Douglas had a head each.

"I thank you, my lord," she said to the colonel; and as she spoke the blood rushed into her lip, so that had Frank Hill seen it (who figures later in our history) he would have said,—

Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.

She turned to smile upon her other gallant. Once more their eyes met, and once more she drove off with hot cheeks.

"A dark beauty," said the earl. "Smiles like the sun in a storm."

The troop had passed, and Barber Dowie's voice could be heard through the lazy air in the tune of "Moscow Burning."

"Who is she, my lord?" Douglas asked, riding forward with his companion.

"Old Jock Maitland's niece, in Eden Braes."

"And so that's Jean," thought Douglas.

"A hard old sinner," the other continued—"for which he's roasting just now, more nor likely. And she reaps the reward. The sins of the fathers upon the children—eh? We could all do with fathers whose sin was guineas. She looks devilish fit, though. Did you notice her set her back when that off pony plunged?"

"And her tooth on her lip, and her eyes," said Douglas eagerly.

"Hard hit, is it, Oliphant? Faith, and it was a sweet stab she ga'e you, and you drew blood to her cheek in return. But you've done the same by bonnier women in your travels. There be French lasses."

"Shall we ride forward, my lord?" Dug said, giving his horse his heel. The earl looked at the angry youth, and

smiled as he galloped after him to the troop, where Moscow was still burning.

And when by and by Douglas told his brother that he and Jean were engaged, Willy was silent. What could he say? The tradition of his family represented a real danger to him—so real that in these recent months he had renounced all thought of wedding Jean, or any other woman, lest he, too, should prove an Orestes before the Furies. It was a boyish resolve, too easily made to be a self-sacrifice. None the less, it appeared to him a self-sacrifice, and one that Douglas also should make. And so no vulgar jealousy, but his own pure love magnified into a great devotion, and the danger he foresaw for the object of it, and pity and sorrow for his brother, tied his tongue, and the marriage was not touched on by the two. Douglas was too proud to speak of it again if Willy would not; but he hated him for his silence.

And then, by a chance word, the common gossip came to his ears of Willy's love for Jean. He remembered how, on the day he first saw her, her eyes had gone frankly to Willy's windows, and jealousy ran riot in him. He gave the rein to all his old grudges, and from this time until the marriage Willy had to suffer his anger silently. And after the event Douglas withdrew to his wife's house, and took his money out of the business, in the cruel hope of crippling his brother's fortune. Thus for many years the two households were estranged.

This quarrel with his brother was to Jean the first revelation of her husband's nature. Douglas did not tell her the real reason for it. Willy dared not, even had opportunity been given him. Naturally, she believed her husband to be in the right. But his vindictive hate, that led him to do material hurt to Willy, her old friend, for whom she had still a warm corner in her heart—that was a revelation. What is the woman to do who, on the eve of her marriage, finds out the evil in her husband? Acquiesce in it? God have mercy on the woman's soul who does that. Fight it? Jean did neither.

She ignored it, and acted and spoke as if it were not.

CHAPTER III.

YOU might have searched in vain through all Fife for a couple to match the laird and lady of Eden Braes during the three years after their marriage.

When they rode into Cupar town the shopkeepers darkened their doorways, their wives the windows above. There was great straining of necks as they went down the aisle of Kemback kirk, and when the service was over the congregation lingered in the kirkyard, to see them pass through the gate and down the hill-path to Eden Braes.

Douglas was used to this kind of flattery—it had been his birthright. But Jean said, hanging low upon his arm, a *petite* figure, turning up such a white throat, such a sweet round cheek, to her lord:—

"They didn't pay me these compliments before you came, Dug."

This, or something like it, she said often. At times, if they were among the woods round Eden Braes, he stooped in his gait to answer her with a kiss. At others, being wearied with his church-going, and longing for his dinner or the morrow's hunt, his answer was:—

"Let the poor devils stare. I dinna mind them."

"You, sir," she rallied him then.

"You, sir. Ye might walk through *my* people"—she loved, with her audacious spirit, to twit him thus with living in her home instead of remaining among his ships, with Willy—"ye might walk through *my* people from Ceres Market to St. James's Fair, and none hat ye save as my squire."

Which was true enough, for he was no favorite in the country-side.

"And why?" she went on, when his face grew black at this. "Because they're jealous o' you and your handsome face. For it is handsome, and ye know it, Dug, though ye make it ugly with these frowns, and I'm jealous o' you myself when I see the lasses glintin' at ye i' the kirk."

"I'm such a jealous wee wife I can't bear them to look i' your way," she would go on, with mischief in her eyes, and probing his sore. "I'm not like you, who say ye dinna mind the men staring at me."

Then he fumed and fretted inwardly, for he did care, and he knew that she laughed at him.

Whichsoever may have been the right way to keep her husband's heart to herself, this was not it. What he needed was a love that would have grovelled at his feet till he despised it; but Jean's burned in a heart whose bulwarks a good man might have spent noble years in storming, and only reached heaven with the last of them overcome.

The best society in the country-side found its way to Douglas's table, drawn thither by Jean's wit. There was scarcely a family in Stratheden without a son walking the Parliament House, and often, as they coached it home from Pettycur, at the end of sessions, these young lawyers arranged to meet at Eden Braes for a bout of repartee with the bonny Mistress Oliphant. The name they gave her for beauty and for wit made her quite a reputation; and others sought her out to whom her beauty was apparent enough, if her wit they were content to accept on hearsay. Her brilliant following flattered her not a little, and turned her head just so far that she forgot her husband's temper. Douglas at his end of the table sat biting his lips at jests whose relish (their flavor, indeed, was often flat enough) his palate was dull to, and uneasily watched the young wigs troop to the drawing-room in Jean's train, leaving him with his friends to drink too deeply of wine soured with jealousy. From his boyhood he had loved a soldier, and it usually happened that officers lying at Cupar mixed at his table with Jean's admirers and the squires and lairds who attended there to his liking. These last found Douglas's wine and conversation agreeable. Even the best of them knew that amidst the finesse and artificiality in the drawing-room they

would be like fish that were waterless, and were content to remain in the company of the bottle and the not too refined story, where it was possible for them to shine.

"Now the ladies are gone," Douglas had a habit of saying when Jean led off her suite; and the remark kept waverers from following. Then the host entertained them with a fund of adventurous anecdote, which he retailed best when the wine passed freely. The result was that when Douglas rose, his head and the heads of his guests were not of the clearest, and they were less able than ever to match the young lawyers, who could wag bitter tongues, especially as Jean seemed to enjoy the sharpest sallies. Angry words and unseemly conversations followed more than once, which Douglas blamed her friends for, while she, with a great deal of spirit, retorted on his. And this quarrel about their friends they had often.

What happened was what always follows—the breaking down of self-respect and reserve. The better people drew off, or paid their visits at times when Jean could receive them herself, Douglas's friends remained to sneer at the people they had used to meet there, whose presence had put a restraint upon them and upon Douglas which was removed now. Every day, for his part, Douglas was getting more wearied with his quiet country life, longing restlessly for his old adventurous existence, and paying frequent visits to Cupar, which did not tend to make him more sober. His pride winced under the drawing off of the better society; but it could not keep his feet out of the old, fast road he had begun to step once more.

The first child of the marriage was a girl, and when the question arose as to what she should be called:—

"Your mother's name was Margaret; call her Margaret," Jean said to her husband.

Unlike Willy, Douglas remained unaffected by the traditions of the family, which he had heard more than once, and each time, in dare-devil fashion,

laughed to scorn. He had defied the curse; he had done so to Willy. And yet, when his wife said, "Call her Margaret — it is a family name," an inexpressible fear held him.

"Call her Jean," he said, "after yourself." And Jean Oliphant she was called.

Two years later a boy was born. Since their marriage they had not seen Willy. He had sent a christening mug to little Jean, and that was the only time they had heard from him. Still, although the farce was becoming very pitiable, Mrs. Jean continued to ignore her husband's anger, and in a gay manner, with an affected unconsciousness, talked of Willy as her friend.

At the boy's birth the question of names came up again. It was the first day that Jean had been able to rise from her bed, and she stood by her husband's side at the window, watching the river flowing under the trees. The monotonous quiet of the landscape soothed her delicate nerves. To Douglas it seemed to echo the dull level of his present life.

"Douglas, do you know what Thrift Hetherwick was telling me?" she said, in the coaxing manner that worries irritable men.

"I don't gossip with the maids," he answered roughly.

She did not study her husband's mood. Still, it is a wife's business.

"Will it please you to gossip with me, then? They say Wull Oliphant is going to marry some pretty London girl who is staying in the town at present."

Douglas drummed on the window-panes. I do not know if Jean had come to suspect the cause of the brothers' quarrel; but, at any rate, she said:—

"Couldn't we call the boy after him? Call him Willy, Dug."

The man could not curb his angry, jealous temper, and he lifted his hand as if to strike her. In her weak state she half fainted and fell. The servants were called. Her maid, Thrift Hetherwick, came first, and found Douglas on his knees beside her in a passion of fear and tenderness.

"I got up too soon. I fainted and fell," she told them all, when they carried her to her bed, a cripple for life.

But even there her spirit refused to yield.

"Call the boy Willy, Dug," she said to her husband again and again.

And Willy he was called.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE MODEST SCORPION.

You may perhaps have noticed that whenever any peculiarly atrocious and cold-blooded murderer has been duly found guilty by a jury of his peers, and is about to be hanged, as he richly deserves, in expiation of his offences, an immense number of his humane and sympathetic fellow-citizens are always ready to come forward and testify to his many excellent moral qualities, or to declare that, if he really did commit the murder of which he has been convicted, he must at least have done it in a moment of temporary forgetfulness, which he would be the first to regret in his calmer periods of self-possession. Well, that is somewhat the sort of kind office I want to perform to-day for the much-abused and profoundly misunderstood scorpion. I will admit at once, to be sure, that the defendant for whom I hold a brief in this article doesn't by any means come into court with clean hands, nor do I expect that he will leave it in the end "without a stain on his character." But I do assert, nevertheless, that my unhappy client, instead of being, as everybody who doesn't intimately know him imagines, of a peculiarly aggressive and quarrelsome turn of mind, is in reality a quiet and retiring private gentleman, who only wants to be left alone; one whose first idea it is, when strangers rudely disturb him in the privacy of his own quarters, to run away and hide until they have disappeared — most certainly never to inflict himself voluntarily upon any one who is inclined to prefer his room to his company.

How does it come, then, you may ask, that so modest and retiring a dis-

position should so often have been mistaken for quarrelsomeness and ill-temper? Why, simply thus, as I understand the matter. Ill-advised people have long been in the habit of sitting down upon scorpions, or otherwise provoking them by violent and injudicious personal interferences; and the scorpions, thus attacked, have not unnaturally retaliated, as is their wont, by instant reprisals. Most people lose their tempers if you sit upon them; and it isn't reasonable to expect scorpions to show greater forbearance. But that doesn't prove them to be aggressive or acrimonious. Now a wasp, if you like, is an ill-tempered animal. He flies in your face, unprovoked, and then proceeds to sting you for no better reason than because he hadn't the sense to look where he was going himself, and so to avoid running up against you needlessly. Such conduct, I grant you, is really reprehensible; whereas, the inoffensive scorpion, unless attacked, never attempts to do any spontaneous harm to anybody; and I speak from experience in this matter, having known him intimately in many of his varieties in Europe, Africa, and the American tropics, ever since I began to pay any attention at all to the animal creation. I may add, indeed, that after many years' residence in scorpion-haunted countries, I have never personally known of more than one case of an actual scorpion sting, and that one case happened to my negro "house-cleaner" years ago in Jamaica. She incautiously put her hand down on the exact point in space then and there occupied by a large black scorpion, the consequence being that the previous occupier very naturally stung her. It was merely done by way of compensation for disturbance.

Scorpions, to say the truth, are by nature retiring animals that shun the light, no doubt, on the very sufficient ground that their deeds are evil. As a class, they conceal themselves during the day under stones and logs, or in crevices of buildings. If you lift the stone beneath whose shelter they live, their first and only idea seems to be

to run away and hide themselves as quickly as possible. Of course, if you obstruct their retreat, they will try to sting you; and if you have employed your finger as a suitable instrument for obstruction, they will, no doubt, succeed in impressing you at once with a strong consciousness of the extreme un wisdom of your hasty action. But if you leave them alone, and allow them to scuttle off to their holes or retreats, unmolested, in their own fashion, they will repay the compliment by leaving you alone in turn and taking no further notice of your presence in any way.

The fact is, your scorpion is a timid, nocturnal animal, who only ventures out after dark on the hunt for prey, and is as frightened in the daytime as a bat or an owl found prowling about in the light at unaccustomed hours. Like many other beasts of prey, he prefers to take his quarry unawares in their sleep—an unsportsmanlike and extremely unfair proceeding if you will, but certainly not one that marks an aggressive or unduly savage and bellicose nature. The real difficulty, I have always found, is not to avoid but to catch your scorpion, for the moment he is disturbed he scuttles away so fast, in his vulgar anxiety to save his own bacon, without the faintest regard for the interests of science, that if you don't grip him quickly with a pair of stout pincers, and hold him fast when caught, he has disappeared into space, down his hole or burrow, like a streak of lightning, before you've had time to add him to the specimens in your collecting-bottle. He seems to entertain a rooted objection, indeed, to spirits of wine, and to prefer the obscurity of his native hillside to all the posthumous glories of Westminster Abbey, or its practical insect equivalent, the Natural History Museum. A very meanspirited and unambitious reptile!

I hasten, however, to add, in a hurried parenthesis, before my familiar old enemies Dryasdust and Smellfungus have time to drop down upon me, that I use the last word on this occasion in its popular and unscientific sense only. Biologically speaking, of course,

a scorpion is *not* a reptile; nor is it an insect either. It is a homeless non-descript. It belongs, in fact, to no popularly recognized division of the animal kingdom, being just one of those poor waifs and strays of biological society that fall everywhere between two stools, and are commonly described as neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Scientifically it is regarded as an arachnid, but not as an araneid — a spider-kind, in other words, though not a thorough-going spider; which is one of those delicate distinctions that, as Mr. Silas Wegg observed, “had better be discussed in the absence of Mrs. Boffin.” It agrees with the spiders in having eight legs, while all true insects have only six, and also in several interesting points of internal structure which I generously refrain from inflicting in full upon the reader’s ears, on the general ground that they can only be adequately described in the scientific variety of the Latin language. If I am strong, I am merciful. Details about maxillæ and trochanters and didactyle chelæ are apt to pall after a time on the general reader; nor does he show that burning anxiety which, no doubt, he ought to do as to the precise distinction between the cephalothorax and the abdomen, or the falces and the antennæ. Out of consideration for his feelings, therefore, and for the purity of the English language, I propose to discourse of scorpions in the mother tongue alone, without any digression into the learned labyrinth of arthropod terminology. I merely put in the last two words, indeed, as explanatory examples, just to show you what I *could* do in that way if I were so minded.

The scorpion, however, though not quite a true spider, is a very old and respectable member of the ancient and distinguished family to which he belongs. We sometimes talk in our conceited, human way of “the antiquity of man;” but man is indeed the veriest mushroom of yesterday on the face of the globe by the side of the immortal and primeval scorpion. Our boldest investigators have never yet

dared to push the advent of humanity on the globe one day further back than the Miocene period — and even that is to most men of science a startling heresy. But the Miocene comes only in the middle place of the tertiary age of geology; and before the tertiary, of course, came the vastly longer secondary age; and before the secondary again, the still longer and immeasurably remote primary epoch. Well, the coal-measures belong to the primary formation; and already in the coal-measures, both in Europe and America, we find the skeleton shapes of ancestral scorpions — not mere vague and uncertain, scorpion-like creatures, mark you well, but genuine, unadulterated, when-you-ask-for-them-see-that-you-get-them scorpions of the purest water. After the coal-measures, once more, come the Permian deposits; and then the whole range of the softer secondaries, from the Devonshire red sandstone, through the lias and the oolite, to the green sand and chalk that form the Surrey hills and the undulating downs of Kent and Sussex. And after those, again, in younger order, come the whole series of the tertiaries of eastern England. Yet, as long ago as those immensely remote coal-measures, whose distance in time can hardly be meted by millions of years, there were already scorpions, with stings in their tails and pincers on their claws, and everything else that goes to make up the picture of the perfect ideal scorpion, just as good (or as bad, if you prefer to put it so) as at the present moment. So early did the type arrive at the actual summit of scorpoid excellence, and so soon did the young world learn from bitter experience that it couldn’t manage to do without stinging reptiles.

There are spiders as well as scorpions in those same ancient coal-measures; and this is an important fact (though a careless world may feel inclined to make little of it), because it shows that even at that remote date the family of the arachnids had already split up into the two great branches to which most of its members still belong.

But of these two great branches, the scorpions, I should be strongly inclined to say, most nearly represent the elder division of the family. I will even venture to tell you the reason why. The primitive ancestor of both branches — the hypothetical "father of all spiders," as Orientals would call him — must almost certainly have been a marine animal, a jointed crustacean, more or less resembling in outer form the crayfishes, crabs, and lobsters of our modern oceans. Indeed, the horseshoe crabs of America, and the king-crabs of the China seas, which are well-known objects in most marine aquariums, have been shown by Professor Ray Lankester to be surviving representatives of this now almost extinct, half-crustacean group of ancestral scorpion spiders. But this hypothetical early progenitor of both divisions must certainly have been a jointed creature, with all the segments of his body equally made up of separate pieces as is still the case with the vast majority of crustaceans and insects. Now, the scorpions are so made up of separate joints throughout; whereas the spiders have almost all the parts of their body welded together into two single masses, the breast and the abdomen, while only the legs are divided into well-marked segments. This difference in composition is due to the fact that in the modern spiders the various rings or pieces composing the body and breast of the ancestral type (like those which still make up the tail of a lobster) have coalesced into a couple of large, round sacs — the so-called thorax and abdomen; while, in the modern scorpions, they still remain entirely distinct. Thus we see that the scorpions are the older, or, what comes to the same thing, the less advanced and developed branch of the family. For everywhere in nature the oldest families are the lowest, and the newest families are the best, the most intelligent, the biggest, and the most dominant. In the parliament of species, it is the youngest sons of the newest families that sit as of right in the House of Peers; and man himself, the latest comer in the field,

and the most recent in every way, takes his place, unchallenged, on the very woollack.

Still, even at the present day, we have many intermediate links between scorpions and spiders, some of which bridge over the gap that divides them as perfectly as the most ardent evolutionist could wish. For example, there are the book-scorpions (so called from their studious habit of living among dusty old bookshelves), which are spiders as to the body, but scorpions as to the claws. These half-and-half creatures have lost their tails, and consequently can't sting; but they can give a sharp nip with their keen, small claws, and being diminutive mites, they have also invented a very clever way of getting about from place to place without any unnecessary expenditure of energy on their own part. They cling by their little nippers to the legs of flies, which are thus compelled to act, willy-nilly, as living hansoms or aerial navigators for their cunning little parasites. From the book-scorpions, again, a continuous line of more and more spider-like creatures leads us on direct, through the so-called harvestmen and other allied intermediate forms, to types which would be spiders in shape and organs for all but the trained, scientific eye, and finally to the true and undoubted spiders. Indeed, the outsider always imagines that the great difficulty of the evolutionist is the constant intervention, in his branching series of life, of "missing links." The man of science knows the exact opposite. His real difficulty in classification lies rather in the impossibility of drawing lines — of finding any effectual point of demarcation between class and class, or between species and species. Everything seems to him to glide into everything else by such imperceptible gradations that the task of setting up apparent barriers between them becomes at last positively tedious in its futility. Whenever you begin to examine any large group of animals or plants over a wide area, you find they merge into one another so gradually and so provokingly that you

get to think in the end nothing is anything in particular, and everything is something else extremely like it.

A familiar human example will make this general muddliness and uncertainty of nature realizable to every one. If we see a negro in the streets of London we immediately recognize the broad difference that marks him off from the common mass of white men by whom he is surrounded. But that, of course, is only because we take an individual instance. We say quite dogmatically: "This man is black, thick-lipped, flat-nosed; I call him a negro; these other men are white, thin-lipped, sharp-nosed; I call them Europeans." Quite so; that is true, relatively to the small area and restricted number of cases you have then and there examined. But now, suppose you go on to the Soudan—a rather difficult thing to manage just at present, Mr. Cook's through bookings to Khartoum being temporarily suspended—and start from thence down the Nile through Nubia to Alexandria. At first on your way you would see few but thoroughly negrooid faces—black skins, thick lips, flat noses, and so forth, according to sample. As you moved northward into Egypt, however, you would soon begin to find that, while the skin remained as black or nearly as black as ever, the features were tending slowly on the average to Europeanize. Yet there would be nowhere a spot where you could say definitely: "Here I leave behind me the Nubian type and arrive at the Egyptian;" never, even could you pick out three or four men quite certainly from a group on some riverside wharf, overshadowed by doumpalms, and say on the evidence of skin and features alone, "These men are Soudanese, and the remainder are Nubians." Then, if you went on still through Sinai and Palestine—the regular Eastern tour—you would find at each step the tints getting lighter and the faces more Semitic. Passing further through Constantinople, Athens, South Italy, you would observe at each change a lighter complexion and more European style; till at last, as you

crossed Provence and approached Central France, you would arrive pretty well at the familiar English type of face and feature.

Now the thorough-going collector would do better than that. Disregarding the petty restrictions of governments and game laws, he would shoot and preserve in spirits of wine a number of illustrative specimens as he went, selecting them for the posthumous honors of his museum on the evolutionary principle of letting each type glide as easily and imperceptibly as possible into its next neighbor. A collection of human specimens made on this enlightened and unprejudiced principle would exhibit an unbroken series of intermediate forms between negro and Englishman. Instead of being troubled with "missing links"—those exploded bugbears—we should actually have a perfect plethora of connecting links of every sort with which to construct a continuous chain from the coal-black negro to the fair-haired European. And this is no fancy picture; it is what was actually done by Mr. Seebohm between Japan and England—not, to be sure, in the case of the human species, which is protected all the year round by a very strict and prohibitive "close season," but in that of certain small tomtits and buntings, which glide from variety to variety and from species to species, in Japan, Siberia, and Europe, with most perplexing continuity. So do also the types of mankind in the same area, beginning with the true unadulterated Mongoloid, as exemplified in the person of our cheery friend the Jap; passing on through the Siberian tribes, the Lapps, and the Finns; and ending at last with the genuine Russ, who varies, as I have noticed, from the veriest broad-faced Tartar type to the purest and most refined European cast of features and expression. I will venture to add (though I am leaving the poor scorpions meanwhile long outside in the cold) that, for my own part, I have botanized and beast-hunted for many years in various parts of the world, and it is now my deliberate conviction that

there exists in nature no such thing as a well-defined and absolute species, when you come to examine large areas together. Species are only convenient bundles for lumping things into groups for practical purposes, but they possess no natural or scientific validity. In Europe, we know very well what we mean by the words "horse" and "donkey." But the distinction is a convenient commercial one alone, not a natural demarcation. In central Asia and South Africa there are groups of connecting varieties which glide so imperceptibly from the Arab to the ass that not even the committee of the Jockey Club itself—I appeal, you will observe, outright to the highest conceivable authority—could decide on any rational ground where equinity ended and asininity began. But this is a parenthesis.

The true scorpions, then, to return from our digression, may be most conveniently distinguished from their stingless cousins the spiders and quasi-spiders by their possession of a tail. It is this tail, too, of course, that has given them all their celebrity in history and in proverbial philosophy. For the sting is in the tail; and where would the scorpion be as a literary property without his sting? He would be no more remarkable than all the other practically anonymous arachnid animals which can boast of nothing but a scientific Latin name. For myself, I'd just as lief go absolutely nameless as be ushered into a drawing-room by Mr. Jeames as a specimen of *Homo sapiens*, Linnæus.

The true scorpions, for their own part, though fairly numerous in species, stick all pretty close to one ancestral pattern. It is the pattern they had invented as long ago as the days of the coal-measures. It suits their purpose admirably, and therefore they have never seen reason to alter it since save in unimportant details. They have all a broad head, a body of seven rings, and a tail of five pieces, ending in a very swollen bulb or round segment, which is the seat of the poison-gland or actual sting-factory. In front, near the

face, are a pair of jointed nippers, in appearance and use exactly like the big front claws of a lobster, so that large specimens present at first sight a singularly fallacious lobsterlike aspect. Indeed, Mr. Janson, the well-known dealer in strange beasts near the British Museum, quite recently sent me a very noble specimen of the big west African kind which rejoices in the significant name of *Androctonus*, or the man-slayer, whose nippers would have afforded a good mouthful of scorpion-flesh to any inquiring mind anxious to investigate the creature from the culinary standpoint. This monster measured fully six inches from head to sting, and looked capable of breaking every law in the decalogue. I have seen lobsters no bigger exposed for sale at London fishmongers'.

The eight legs with which the creature walks, or rather scuffles along, for his gait is ungraceful, come behind the nippers. These last are used for catching and holding the prey alone. In the evening, when all is quiet, then sally forth these sons of Belial, flown with insolence and bane. They creep slowly and noiselessly from behind, like eight-legged garroters, upon the grubs, moths, and flies which constitute their prey; and as they do so, they cock up their flexible tail over the back of their body, very much after the fashion rendered familiar to us all by the attitude of that common English beetle, the devil's coach-horse. By this manœuvre, the scorpion manages to get his sting nearly as far forward as the back of his head, and to bring it into position for killing his expected booty. When the prey is fairly reached, he seizes it by the aid of his great claws, holds it fast in his grip, and quickly stings it to death by an injection of poison.

The sting itself is an interesting object for examination, but only when severed from the animal which originally possessed it. *In situ*, and during life, it had best be carefully avoided. It consists of a round, swollen joint, containing two glands, both of which alike secrete the poisonous liquid. It

ends in a sharp-pointed hook, sufficiently keen to pierce the skin even of considerable animals like sheep and antelopes. Sharp as it is, however, the end is doubly perforated, a separate duct conveying the poison from each of the glands to the point as if on purpose, so that if one failed, the other might succeed in killing its quarry. So beautifully does nature provide—but there! I forget; perhaps I am looking at the matter a little too exclusively from the point of view of the scorpion.

In their domestic life, I regret to say, our present subjects do not set a good example for the imitation of humanity. We may “go to the ant” for advice, but not so to the scorpion. Birds in their little nests agree; scorpions differ. Nay, more, if you put two of them together under a single stone, they set to work at once to fight out their differences, and the victor usually proceeds to kill and eat his vanquished opponent. Indeed, they are extraordinarily solitary animals. During many years of scorpion-hunting, I never remember to have seen two individuals living together in amity; and even their more tender relations are tainted at times with the unamiable habit of cannibalism. The males are decidedly smaller than their mates, whom they approach accordingly with the utmost caution. If the fair *inamorata* doesn’t like the looks of her advancing suitor, she settles the question offhand by making a murderous spring at him, catching him in her claws, stinging him to death, and making a hearty meal off him. This is scarcely lover-like. On the other hand, if a dubious wife, the female scorpion is a devoted mother. She hatches her eggs in her own oviduct, brings forth her young alive (unlike her relations the spiders), and carries them about on her back, to the number of fifty, during their innocent childhood, till they are of an age to shift for themselves in the struggle for existence.

Scorpions do *not* sting themselves to death with their own tails when surrounded with fire. That silly and, on

the very face of it, improbable fable has been invented by savages, and repeated by people who ought to know better, solely on the strength of the curious way the creatures cock up their tails when attacked, in the proper attitude for stinging. Some years ago, however, a so-called “man of science,” who appears to have inherited his methods of investigation from a Red Indian ancestry, subjected several hundreds of these poor, helpless brutes to most unnecessary torture, for no other purpose on earth than to establish the truth of this negative result, which sounds to me like a foregone conclusion. He burnt the unhappy animals with fire and acids, he roasted them alive on hot stone, he scalded them with boiling oil, he lavished upon them every form and variety of torment that a diseased mediæval imagination could suggest; but in the end he found no ingenuity of the inquisitor could make the constant scorpion take refuge in suicide. I merely mention this fact here, very much against the grain, in the hope that it may save other helpless scorpions from needless torture at the hands of such amateur investigators.

Scorpions are mostly tropical animals, though two or three species get as far north as southern Europe. The largest of these, which I have seen as big as two inches long on Algerian hillsides, and who attains about the same length in Sicily and Greece, rarely grows bigger than three-quarters of an inch on the Riviera. The other common European kind is much smaller and less virulent. He abounds at Mentone, if only you know where to look for him; and I have found him as far north as Meran, in the Tyrol. He is even said to extend beyond the Alps into Bavaria and south Germany; but in these things I speak, as our old friend Herodotus puts it, “not of my own knowledge, but as the priests have told me.”

In any case, the malignity and venomousness of scorpions, I think, have been immensely over-estimated. Most people who don’t personally know the

tropics have been prejudiced by the familiar and foolish stories of the officer who is just going to pull on his boots, when he finds a snake or a scorpion in them of such gigantic dimensions that the British Museum would gladly purchase it of him at a great price in golden sovereigns. Now I don't say such things *never* happen; far be it from me to impugn the veracity of the united services and the entire body of Indian civilians. But I do say they are very rare and exceptional. As I write these words, in my own study in a Surrey village, a great, blundering bumble-bee is flitting about the room with his hateful buzz, and considerably incommoding me. I can honestly say he has caused me more annoyance in five minutes than all the scorpions or venomous reptiles I have ever known have caused me in nearly half a century. And, indeed, I think the average danger from poisonous creatures in tropical countries is a trifle less than the average danger in England from wasps or hornets, and considerably less than the danger from bulls or oxen. I have known one man killed by a hornet in England, and many men killed by savage bulls; but I have never known of my own experience a case of a man killed by a snake or scorpion. The truth is, this is a prosaic world. There is very little in it of romantic adventure. If you want to find snakes or scorpions, you must go and look for them. They certainly are not going to put themselves out by coming to look for *you*, in order to give you a chance of observing them easily. Scorpions swarm under the stones at Mentone; but the ordinary visitor to the hotels in the town never finds them out till the man to the manner born shows him where to look for them.

This is the manner of scientific scorpion-hunting. You go forth for the fray armed with a wide-mouthed bottle and a pair of pincers. You turn over every likely stone on the hillside till you find your quarry. He runs away at once, without endeavoring to show fight; for his sting is rather intended for killing his food, like the spider's

venom, than for offence and pitched battle, like the wasp's and hornet's. Then you seize him promptly with your pincers, before he has time to scuttle away down his open burrow, and transfer him at once to durance vile in the bottle. Once corked and secured, you take him home at leisure, and kill him painlessly by asphyxiation, in the ordinary fashion. If he is required for dissection, you preserve him whole in spirits of wine; but if only his outer form or skeleton is wanted for a museum, your best way is to lay him out entire on an ant's nest, especially if it belongs to one of the large and very carnivorous species. In a few days, the ants will have cleaned out every morsel of meat there is in that creature's carcase, and left only the dry skin for inclusion in your collection.

And now, I think, enough has been said concerning scorpions.

From The New Review.

THE MYSTERY OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

VIVID as is the interest now awakened in the religious writings of ancient Egypt, and numerous as are the students who have devoted themselves to their investigation, little progress has been made of late years in elucidating their meaning. The object of the worship inculcated by that religion, the relations of the worshipper to the object or objects worshipped, the signification of the particular symbols under which those relations were at once veiled and expressed, are but little better understood, notwithstanding the greatly increased knowledge of the sacred writings, than when the hieroglyphics themselves were still undeciphered. And side by side with the enigma in writing stands the enigma in stone, the Grand Pyramid of Ghizeh, concerning which so many theories have been put forward by writers, not one of whom has attempted to produce confirmatory evidence from Egyptian sources. That extraordinary building, to which not even its immediate companions bear any true resemblance, at

least in the hidden parts, stands as majestic and well-nigh as inscrutable as when the Hir-Seshita, or "Master of the Secret," was an officer of Pharaoh's household.

Yet, strange to say, prominently as these mysteries stand out in everything that relates to ancient Egypt, no one has hitherto thought of collating the secret of the monument with the secret of the doctrine contained in the mysterious books of Thoth, to whom the origin of Egyptian wisdom was attributed.¹ Such an omission is the more singular because indications are not wanting on either side to hint at the connection. That Khemmis, or Khufu, should have adopted the pyramidal form in the hieroglyph of his name is not surprising, as he is probably the monarch by whose orders the building was erected. But it is well worthy of attention that the same form should enter into the hieroglyph of the star Sothis, or Sirius, the determinator of the great Egyptian cycle. And in a papyrus of somewhat late date, but not wanting in authority, Isis is called the Queen of the Pyramid. On the other hand, the ritual of ancient Egypt is full of allusions which become vocal only when applied to the Grand Pyramid. Such are the festivals of the "Northern Passage," of the "Southern Passage," that of the "Hidden Lintel," that of "Osiris who dwells in the Roofed House," and in the "Pool of the Great House." So in the Kalendar of Esne we read of the "Festival of the Socket," and again of the "Opening of the Doors," which is closely connected in the ritual with the orientation. Nay, the very titles employed, whether in the written or the masonic record, point directly, though secretly, to each other. Where else, if not in those chambers so jealously concealed, shall we look for the "Hidden Places," the master of which is claimed for its own master by the "Book of the Dead"? That secrecy which is enforced by the one is strictly enjoined by the other. "This book,"

says the first chapter of the ritual, "is the greatest of mysteries. Do not let the eye of any one see it: that were abomination." Again, hundreds of years before the date of the principal papyrus containing the "Book of the Dead," as early as the twelfth dynasty, the inscription on the coffin of Amamu, buried in the sacred city of Abydos, makes a similar allusion: "Thou hast not gone dying. Thou hast gone living to Osiris. Now thou hast found the words of order, the mystery of the secret places." What a sudden significance, then, attaches to the title "Ta Khut," the Light, whereby the Grand Pyramid, that monument of flame, was known to the Pharaohs, when, turning to the sacred papyri, we find the opening chapter to be the *Per-m-Hru*, or Way of Illumination. For the doctrine contained in those mystic writings is acknowledged to be nothing else than an account of the path pursued by the departed after the dissolution which takes place at death. But that path passes through seven stages: the renewal of the "inner man" (or *Ka*), the new birth of the soul, the regeneration of the new man by union with the soul reborn, the ordeal or sanctification of the regenerate, the justification of the sanctified, the illumination of the justified, and the consummation of the illuminate in the House of Light. And for each of these stages we shall find a corresponding chamber in one of the "seven halls in the House of Osiris," illustrated by features recognizable from the ritual, in that doubly hidden portion of the structure which for thousands of years preserved the secret of its own existence.

In the double symbology of Pyramid and ritual lie both the chief difficulty of decipherment and the strongest evidence of their correspondence. For as it was the characteristic of the Deity of Egypt to be a Hidden God, so it was essential that the symbols relating to him and to the connection of man with him should not betray these deepest mysteries to the postulant on initiation, but should reserve their more secret meaning for the adept after full

¹ M. Maspero courteously informs me that the same idea has occupied himself, but that he has not published.

probation. Here, then, was the problem which lay before the first Master of the Secret, the originator of "the wisdom of the Egyptians:" to express, but in expressing to conceal—to veil, but with a veil of light, the mysteries of the Deity; and to choose such symbols as would convey, without betraying, their living energy, their illuminative power, and, above all, their illimitable endurance. No ordinary image, it is clear, no mineral, no plant, no animal, no man, could suffice for an expression such as this. Only the orbs of heaven, obeying in their lustrous course the laws that know no change, could fulfil the required conditions. Alike in the pictured and the masonic record, the path of the just is portrayed in characters of light, and his progress in the language of celestial motion; or, at least, that language gives meaning to both.

A remarkable instance is that of the Orbit, involving the relation between the rotation of the earth on its axis and its revolution around the sun, on which rested the whole kalendar of Egypt. Amongst the people of that country, as among ourselves, existed, as Dr. Brugsch has shown, the quadrennial cycle of leap year; but the divisions of the annual course were arranged on a far more scientific plan than the patchwork of our own system. Each year was considered to contain a regular orbit of thirty-six decades of days, divided either into twelve equal periods, or months, each consisting of three decades, or into three equal periods, or seasons, each made up of twelve decades. At the conclusion of the Orbit in each year was an interval of divine rejoicing, consisting of five distinctive festivals, each the birthday of a great deity; and every fourth year was celebrated the yet greater festival, or jubilee, of completion. Hence in the ritual we have an entire "book," containing several chapters, entitled the "Book of the Orbit," and "The Passage of the Sun." And in the Grand Pyramid we find all these features of the Orbit, together with many other phenomena of the realms of

light, masonified in the magnificent and unique inner Chamber of Ascent.

Similarly, another great astronomical conception—viz., the Horizon—runs not only through the "Book of the Dead," but through all the funereal imagery of the country, as in the "Sai-an-Siusin," or "Book of the Migration of the Soul," the inscription of Khu-en-Aten already quoted, and that of Queen Anchnes-ra-neferab.¹ What horizon, then, is that to which such mystery attaches? It cannot be that of Memphis, or of any specific locality, for the horizon of the sacred writings is common to the rituals of North and South, and there is but one circle which can be equally general—that is, the circle passing through the celestial poles, the horizon of the point in the sky which is occupied by the sun at the vernal equinox, and which was held by the Egyptians to be the apex of the universal heavens. That horizon to a dweller on our globe, or approximately on any member of our system, forms, as it were, the floor of the celestial dome. From the midst of it on the day of equinox rises the sun right upwards in the sky as he divides the purple arch of the firmament by the royal arch of light, and from out of it the whole hosts of stars, from pole to pole, in serried array, follow him through the silent night, completing their numbers just in time to herald his return from the same horizon. "The road is of fire," says the ritual; "they whirl in fire behind him." Now, this horizon seems strikingly indicated by the Entrance Passage of the Grand Pyramid, which, as is well known, points a little more than three degrees from the North Pole. For accepting as most probable the date of foundation given by Dr. Brugsch (viz., the year B.C. 3700), we find that about two hundred and sixty years later (B.C. 3440) the Pole-star, Alpha Draconis, occupied, as Professor Smyth has pointed out,² just

¹ Translated by Mr. Budge.

² Dr. Brugsch pays a just tribute to the valuable information given by Professor Smyth, notwithstanding the mistaken character of his views. The date here quoted is an instance in point. For the

that position, so that it would shine right down the passage. And thus the disciples of the Master of the Secret, who in successive generations must have watched for two hundred years the approach of the star, would receive in its final co-ordination the most convincing proof of the truth of those astronomical relations wherein their mystical religion was embodied. Hence, when we read in the ritual of "The Good Paddle of the North, the Opener of the Disc," we recall at once the narrow, paddle-shaped passage, widened at the entrance towards the north, which opens the sacred interior to the outer universe, the "long, long tube" which sweeps through space, pointing perennially to the position occupied by each successive star which for a brief period of centuries keeps watch before the pole.

Opening now the "Book of the Dead"—as the ritual is not very happily called by modern writers—we commence the dirge which followed the process of embalming, that sacred process whereby the corruptible literally put on incorruption before the mortal could enter on the "manifestation to light" (Chap. I.). Book in hand, let us ascend the western side of the northern face, as the mourners ascended the western slope in the sacred cemetery among the hills of Thebes. Then, reciting chapter by chapter as we mount course by course, we approach at the fifteenth step a gateway two courses yet above us, just as the Departed in the fifteenth chapter approaches the "Gate of the Gateway," and invokes "Haroeiris, the great guide of the world, the guide of the souls in their secret place, the light dwelling in the horizons." From this point the first veil of secrecy begins. For so effectually was the opening concealed from uninstructed eyes in ancient times by a revolving stone that the position, once lost, was impossible to recover; and for many hundred years after the fall of the Roman power the building

professor honestly records it as astronomically true, although rejecting it (in favor of a later one) as absolutely fatal to his own theories,

remained impenetrable, until Caliph Al Mamoon, in the ninth century of our era, forced an opening at random through the solid masonry, and hit upon the Entrance Passage. Entering by the low gateway we have before us the passage of the equinox already described, which while descending southwards into the depths of darkness points northwards to the Pole-star. As we cross the gate on the seventeenth course, we recognize the point where, in the seventeenth chapter, the Deceased is said to "cross the door of earth" and exclaim, "I go from the gate of the hill, that is the gate of the North." And in the ascent we have made we recognize also "the ladder of the earth," of which a much older papyrus makes mention. From that gate we enter the descending passage of the horizon, the first "Hall in the House of Osiris," the beginning of the journey in union with that divine guide whose aid alone can enable the deceased to overcome the unseen foes awaiting him in the Secret Places, and to bear the intolerable splendor of the under-world. In that Hall takes place the reconstruction (XXI.)¹ of every member of the deceased in some divine form, his preservation (XXVII.), his protection (XLII.), and his sustentation with heavenly food (LII.).

Bidding farewell to the light of common day, and treading with the Departed the Entrance Passage, we arrive after a long descent at an aperture in the western wall, and passing through the opening thus disclosed, mount gently into a kind of grotto, at the bottom of the Well, a square, perpendicular shaft with footholes cut in the precipitous sides; from the top of which a level passage runs to the Queen's Chamber,² that is, the "Birth-place of Osiris" mentioned in the ritual, the chamber of his mother, the

¹ The Roman numerals enclosed in brackets refer throughout to the chapters in the "Book of the Dead."

² The only authority at present for the title of Queen's Chamber is that of the Arabs; but it is far from improbable that they obtained it from tradition, and it accords with the papyrus mentioned above.

Queen of the Pyramid. Returning from the bottom of the Well to the Entrance Passage, and pursuing our course still further downwards, we come, after a short level continuation beyond the bottom of the slope, to a subterranean chamber or abyss. This Infernum is hewn out of the solid rock and roofed over with massive stones; but the floor is inaccessible, being covered with huge blocks of varying height resembling a pool of petrified flame, and a small passage opening beyond leads to nothing.

Precisely similar is the progress of the Departed described in this portion of the ritual. While the inner man (or "Ka") is renovated in the First Hall of Osiris, the soul new-born, "the mystery made by the gods" being accomplished (LXIV.), comes forth from the Second Hall, the Chamber of Isis, where Osiris was born. Then passing the gate of Anruhf at the head, or northern opening, of the Well, as the gate of Rusta is the southern or lower opening—"the name of the southern gate is Rusta," says the ritual, "the name of the northern gate is Anruhf"—the soul descends the ladder of the sepulchral shaft, as may be seen in the Papyrus of Ani, into the grotto or Chamber of the Waters at the bottom of the well, the Third Hall in the House of Osiris. In the depths of that Well of Life, wherein, as the "Sai-an-Sinsin" tells us, approach is made to Osiris, takes place the Regeneration of the Renewed Man (or Ka) by reunion with the new-born soul amid the living waters. "I give the waters of life to every mummy," says the goddess Nout, who presides over the waters, in the inscription on the vase of Osur-Ur (given in "Records of the Past"), "to reunite it with the soul, that it may henceforth be separated from it no more forever. The Resident of the West has established thy person amid the sages of the divine Lower Region"—it will be observed that both the Western position and the Lower Region accord with the position in the Pyramid; "he giveth stability to thy body, and causeth thy soul not to dis-

tance itself from thee. He evoketh the remembrance of thy person, and saveth thy body entirely and forever." Here, too, the sacred bark, each portion a living spirit endowed with a mystic name, awaits the Departed, now the Initiate; that saving bark whereby he is to pass the deep waters of death, and to approach securely the Fourth Hall in the House of Osiris, the subterranean abyss, or Place of Ordeal, whence they who cannot endure the fire pass away to nothingness. And from that same well also where he regains his living soul he catches through the opening above his first glimpse of the "Celestial Nile" (CX.), the river of life which rises beneath the throne of the Creator, Tum, that river on the waters of which the Immortals move forevermore.

Resuming our exploration of the edifice, and turning back from the Infernum, as the deceased turns back from Hades (CXIX.), we remount the Passage of the Horizon, until we come to a granite gate, or porticulis, built in the roof. This great gate, which originally was totally hidden by masonry, and was only discovered by the falling of a stone when Al Mamoon was forcing his entrance into the pyramid, stands at the threshold of the Secret Places. Not only was the whole gate carefully hidden, but the lower portion of the passage within was blocked inside with enormous stones, still unremoved, and perhaps irremovable. So that even now the Lintel is still hidden, and admission is only effected through a hole forced by violence in the wall of the passage above the blocks within. With the obstruction of the doorway the experience of the deceased precisely corresponds. "I have come," says he, later on, "through the Hidden Lintel; I have come like the sun, through the Gate of the Festival." And, after a litany to the celestial intelligences who keep account of the moral actions of mankind, he approaches the difficult portal, and beseeches admission to the Double Hall of Truth, the Chambers of Confession and of Illumination, the Fifth and Sixth Halls in the House of

Osiris. Here, as in the material building, so also in the ritual, resistance is offered at every step to the further advance of the Initiated (CXXV.). "I will not let thee go over me," says the silt, "unless you tell me my name." "The weight in the right place is thy name," is the profound reply of the Initiate. For, as the raising of the portcullis depends upon the true adjustment of the weight, so also is Justice the virtue without which the upward path remains forever closed. Creeping with difficulty through a small hole forced in the concealed passage above the blocks, we find ourselves in a low corridor about one hundred and twenty-nine feet long, inclined upwards (at an angle of a little more than twenty-six degrees to the level of the Pyramid, and corresponding to the First Hall of Truth. Then, stooping beneath the low gateway by which it is terminated (but not obstructed) at the top, the Gate of the Festival, already mentioned, we stand upon a kind of landing-place, from which the whole system of the interior passages opens out. On every side is the "crossing of the pure roads of life," of which the coffin of Amamu speaks. On the western side is the mouth of the well, the Gate of Anruhf, leading down to the "roads of darkness." Before us lie the Fields of Aahlu, the blessed country where the Justified executes the works which he is privileged to perform for Osiris. "I have digged in Anruhf," he says later on; "I have drilled the holes"—the holes, that is, for the good seed which shall bear fruit in the King's Chamber, where the corn grows "seven cubits high," the holes which we shall see are drilled in the ramps of the Southern Ascending Passage, but to which no signification has yet been attached.

Beyond the fields the road leads direct to the Hall of New Birth, where the soul received her second life in the chamber of Isis, the mother of Osiris, the incarnate Deity dwelling in the House of Humanity. From the entrance, too, of the passage diverge the interior ladders spoken of on the an-

cient coffin of Amamu (the "ladder of the earth" having been already ascended outside the building). Sheer downwards, "the ladder which has been made for Osiris" descends into the Well. Northwards the Passage of Justification slopes to the Hidden Lintel. And southwards, still upward, but with a very slightly different inclination, runs the Southern Ascending Passage, called by some writers the Grand Gallery, forming the upper portion of the Hall of Truth, the Chamber of the Orbit, or Sixth Hall in the House of Osiris. This remarkable structure consists of a corridor about one hundred and fifty-eight feet long and twenty feet high, built entirely on a slope, floor, walls, and roof, except a small portion at the southern or upper end. On either side of the sloping floor are twenty-eight ramps, each with a hole in it, the reference to which in the ritual has been already noticed. And at the upper end the slope of the floor line is closed abruptly just above the Queen's Chamber (or Hall of New Birth) by a block three feet high forming a dais, or throne of judgment. From hence the top of the block, or seat of the throne, runs level for about sixty-one inches; the wall at the side of the seat thus formed being not quite vertical, but impeding very slightly towards the slope. At the back of the throne the gallery is brought to a termination by the southern wall closing down within forty-two inches of the seat, and leaving as an exit further south a narrow and grave-like tunnel. In the sloping roof of the gallery running upward from north to south, at a somewhat greater inclination than the floor, are thirty-six overlappings, corresponding to the number of decades in the orbit of the Egyptian year. And on the side wall of the dais (at the upper end of the gallery) are five cusps, one above another, marking the birth-days of the five deities which terminated the orbit, while the crowning jubilee of the leap year is masonified in the throne to which the whole ascent leads up immediately above the Chamber of New Birth. Finally (though

there are other correspondences of a similar character, upon which it would be too long to enter), along the sloping walls are seven overlappings, one above another, arching over to the summit, and in the position corresponding to that occupied by our own globe among the planets runs a deep groove, or orbit, along its entire length. Thus we are confronted with a startling connection between the "Orbit" or "Passage of the Sun," which plays so prominent a part in the ritual, and the "Chamber of the Seven Rayed," mentioned in the same sacred writings; the Chamber, that is, of the "seven great spirits in the service of their Lord, the Creator, who," the same books tell us, "protect the coffin of Osiris,"—the Hall of the Orbit crowned by the seven-fold radiance of supreme Intelligences who overarch the splendor of creation.

A burst of triumph greets the adept as, mounting the Ascent of Justification, he accomplishes the Passage of the Sun (CXXVI.) and approaches the Chamber of the Orbit, the Hall of Illumination. "The deceased," we read (CXXVII.), "passes through the Gate of the Gateway. Prepare ye his hall when he comes. Justify his words against the accusers. There is given to him the food of the gods of the Gate. There has been made for him the crown which belongs to him as the dweller in the Secret Place." In another place the Justified himself exclaims, "I have opened the gate of Heaven and earth" (at the junction of the Passages of Orbit and of Equinox). "The soul of Osiris rests there. I cross through the halls. No defect or evil is found in me." And once more the deceased prays that he may pass this hall. "Place me before thee, O Lord of Eternity. Hail, dweller of the West, Good Being, Lord of Abydos. Let me pass through the roads of darkness; let me follow thy servants in the gate."

A similar note of exultation marks the passage in the "Sai-an-Sinsin" where we read of the great Tribunal and the House of Light. "Thou com-

est into the House of God with much purity," exclaim the mourners, addressing the Departed. "The gods have abundantly purified thee in the great tribunal. Thou art not shut out of Heaven: thy body is renewed in the presence of Osiris. Thou hast not been shut out from the House of Glory. Thou seest the path of beauty, completing every transformation which thou desirest." And the ancient coffin of Amamu bore on the outside this inscription, full of desire and hope. "An act of homage to Anup, who passes the deceased over the distant paths, the fairest of the Karneter"—that is, the land of the holy dead. "Thine eyes," say our own sacred writings, "shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

Shortly beyond the Hall of the Orbit the structure changes its material to granite, forming as it were a house of itself within the Pyramid—the House of Light within the House of Osiris, entered by the grave-like passage behind the throne. This is the House of Glory described on the coffin so often quoted, the house to which the illuminated soul approaches after passing the tribunal of Osiris. Here is the "gate of the pure spirits," which they alone can enter who are washed in the waters of Life, and radiant with the splendors of the Orbit. And here apparently takes place the solemn address described in the "Sai-an-Sinsin" of the gods in the House of Osiris (called in the ritual the gods of the Horizon), followed by the response of the gods in the House of Glory. And straight on the Illuminate passes through the low channel, first into the beautiful ante-chamber or "Place of Preparation," and then onward by the same low passage—each portion of which has a distinctive festival enumerated in the "Book of the Dead"—to the goal of his migration, the Seventh Hall in the House of Osiris, with its four portcullises and its open sarcophagus. "Awake, awake, Osiris," so sing the mourners to the beloved Departed, now glorious in the House of Light, and

united indissolubly with the divine Being, "awake; see what thy son Horus hath done for thee. See what thy father Seb hath done for thee. Raised is the Osiris." Again, in the final chapter of the ritual (that of the Orientation) allusion is made both to the portcullises and to the sarcophagus or coffer. "I have opened the doors," says the Osiris-soul, "I have opened the doors. . . . Well is the Great One who is in the Coffin. For all the dead shall have passages made to him through their embalming." "Now he is a god," the same chapter continues. "His place is protected from the millions of fires. O Ammon-Ammon, the Ammon who art in Heaven. Give thy face to the body of thy son. Make him well in Hades. It is finished."

Thus ends the strange and solemn dirge of ancient Egypt, preserving to the last its correspondence with that primeval building wherein the granite Trinity concealed within its height keep watch over the "Abode of Flame" far in the subterranean depth below. Once perceived, the intimate connection between the secret doctrine of Egypt's most venerated books and the secret significance of Egypt's most venerable monument seems impossible to dis sever. The path of illumination which is conveyed by description in the ritual is described masonically in the Grand Pyramid; and each form illustrates and interpenetrates the other. As we peruse the dark utterances and recognize the mystic allusions of the Book, we seem to stand amid the profound darkness enwrapping the whole interior of the building. All around are assembled the spirits and the Powers that make the mystery of the unseen world: the "Secret Faces at the Gate," the "gods of the Horizon and of the Orbit." And dimly before our eyes, age after age, the sacred procession of the Egyptian dead moves silently along, as they pass through the "Gate of the Hill" to the tribunal of Osiris. In vain do we attempt to trace their footsteps till we enter with them into the Hidden Places, and penetrate the secret of the

House of Light. But no sooner do we approach the passages and tread the chambers of the mysterious Pyramid than the teaching of the Sacred Books seems lit up as with a tongue of flame. The luminous veil itself melts slowly away, disclosing the Path of Illumination and the splendors of the Orbit; the celestial Powers and Intelligences shine forth from beneath their enshrouding symbols; the spirits of the Just grow lustrous with the rays that proceed from the Tribunal. And a glory which is not of earth reveals in its divine unity the full mystery of the Hidden Places, the House of New Birth, the Well of Life, the Lintel of Justice, the Hall of Truth, the Orbit of Illumination, the Throne of Judgment, and the Orient Chamber of the Open Tomb.

W. MARSHAM ADAMS.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE FLY COUNTRY.

IN a private letter from one of the pioneers of the British South Africa Company, the following passage occurs: "We are all to be mounted; and it is taking the horses to certain death; we shall ride through the Fly Country till they die, and then foot it."

Now, what is meant by this Fly Country, and why should it be especially fatal to horses? are questions of great interest, for they are intimately associated with the past and future of the Dark Continent. The fly referred to is that known as the tsetse fly, which is thus described by the traveller Baines: "The tsetse is little more than half an inch long, and rather more slender than a common house-fly. The abdomen is marked with transverse stripes of yellow and dark chestnut, fading towards the centre of the back, so as to give the idea of a yellow stripe along it; the belly, livid white; the eyes are purplish brown; and the wings, of dusky, glassy brown colors, slip one over the other, just as do the blades of a pair of scissors when closed, so that the tsetse at rest on man or animal may infallibly be known by this one

token. It has six legs, and tufts of hair over its body; its proboscis, or piercing apparatus, is about one-sixth of an inch long; its sight and smell seem to be keen; its flight straight and rapid." Here we have the picture of the most formidable opponent to the advance of civilized man in Africa; for wherever the country is unexplored, so that the big game remain undisturbed, there this deadly fly bars the way to those necessary animals the ox, the horse, and the dog, and reduces man to a beast of burden; for although, in the interior, donkeys and mules are supposed to be impervious to tsetse poison, on the coast they also often succumb to the deadly fluid injected by "the fly."

Livingstone describes and figures the tsetse with its lancet-like proboscis much magnified. He says: "The poison does not seem to be injected by a sting, or by ova placed beneath the skin; for when the insect is allowed to feed freely on the hand, it inserts the middle prong, of three portions, into which the proboscis divides, somewhat deeply into the true skin. It then draws the prong out a little way, and it assumes a crimson color as the mandibles come into brisk operation. The previously shrunken belly swells out; and if left undisturbed, the fly quietly departs when it is full. A slight itching irritation follows the bite."

Wild animals and the goat feel no more serious effect from the sting than man, and even calves are exempt as long as they continue to suck the cows; but dogs cannot be protected by being fed on milk. The effect of the poison on oxen and horses is most curious; they do not die at once, and indeed the symptoms do not appear for some days; but then the nose and eyes begin to run, the coat gets rough, a swelling appears under the jaw, and emaciation commences, to be inevitably followed by death, although, perhaps, not for months, the effects of the poison being hastened, however, by rain and sudden changes of temperature. Singular, indeed, is the effect of the bite, or, as the Boers call it, the "stick" of this fly;

for the carcase when examined is found to be almost bloodless; the cellular tissue under the skin is distended with air, resembling a number of soap bubbles; the fat is yellowish-green and oily; the heart so soft that the fingers can be made to meet through it; the lungs and liver are diseased; the stomach and bowels are pale and empty; and the gall bladder is distended with bile. Yet, as Livingstone says, wild animals nearly akin to the horse and ox, such as the buffalo and zebra, suffer no harm; neither do pigs, goats, and wild antelopes; but dogs suffer as severely as horses and oxen. The skin of an animal which has died from the tsetse shows all the punctures on the inside, with a ring of yellow mucus on the flesh beneath each puncture as large as the palm of the hand, and resembling the appearance of a snake-bite.

No certain remedy is known for the puncture of this terrible fly; the native doctors smear their oxen with dung mixed with milk; this is supposed to prevent the attack of the fly, which has a strong dislike to the smell of excrement; but this anointing does not always avail. Inoculation has also been tried without effect; but it is said that to administer the fly itself mixed with herbs gives immunity. Baines says the animal thus treated suffers dreadfully, and is brought almost to death's door; but when it recovers, it is believed to be tsetse-proof. The natives also send the young calves into the Fly Country during the day, bringing them back to be suckled at night, and believe that this renders them safe from the fly afterwards. But the best remedy appears to be sponging the animal with ammonia, or perhaps with carbolic acid and water. This has been tried with good effect, as also a decoction of the bark of the roots of the wittegaat boom (white-bark tree); and some Boers profess to cure animals recently "stuck," claiming an ox for each horse thus cured. Baines also speaks of a horse which was cured by "Croft's Tincture," the famous South-African remedy for snake-bite, and also

of two oxen saved by Perry Davis's "Pain-killer." They stood for three or four days with foam running from their mouths, as if the poisonous matter were being thus ejected. After this they began to eat voraciously, and recovered their condition.

A very curious fact in connection with the tsetse is that it affects certain spots, and is wholly absent from others quite adjoining. Livingstone writes: "We had come through another tsetse district by night, and at once passed our cattle over to the northern bank, which, though only fifty yards distant, was entirely free from the pest. This was the more singular that we often saw natives carrying over raw meat with many tsetse upon it." Natives can sometimes lead cattle safely through a fly-infected country by knowing exactly the patches to which they are confined, and thus avoiding them; but, as these patches vary according to the distribution of the big game, their knowledge has to be recently acquired, or it cannot be depended upon.

As the tsetse invariably follows the big game, being known as "the elephant fly," it is driven always farther and farther into the interior by the advance of civilized man; but as ivory is one of the chief articles sought for by traders, it is evident that in order to obtain it they must also follow the game, and be subject to the attacks of "the fly," and this, from time immemorial, has been one of the chief causes of the slave-trade; for the ox and the horse being unattainable as beasts of burden, traders have seized upon the negro, and having purchased him as well as the ivory from the chieftain in possession of both, have compelled the slave to convey the ivory to the coast, where the bearer as well as the burden becomes valuable property. But as ivory becomes scarcer and more valuable year by year, it will, in spite of philanthropists, be more and more sought after; and if the slave-trade is to be effectually put a stop to, some mode of transport must be found which cannot be affected by the tsetse. The best of all is, of course, the "iron

horse," which is capable of carrying heavy burdens without entailing suffering upon man or beast; but although a good beginning has already been made, and the Beira Railway has rendered approach to the interior practicable from that part of the coast, it must be many years before railways can advance into the heart of Africa, and meanwhile some beast of burden impervious to the tsetse ought to be found. Many have suggested the African elephant or the zebra; but no serious attempt seems to have been made to tame either for the purpose. Donkeys could hardly be taken in sufficient numbers, even if impervious to the fly, which seems doubtful; but the stout mule so frequently seen in southern Europe might be employed advantageously. The Indian elephant and the buffalo might also be tried. It would, however, be better still could some medicament be found to render the ox and the horse available, for they are always attainable near the various ports, and would be far less costly than native carriers (not slaves), who have now to be hired to convey goods through the Fly Country, and who frequently refuse the task, or forsake the traveller just when most needed.

In the mean time the tsetse reigns, and, ludicrous as it sounds, affords protection to the lordly elephant, and opposes its tiny though formidable lancet—more deadly and less easily avoided than the poisoned arrow of the Pigmy and the assegai of the Kaffir—to the advance of the white man, who dreads this insect foe as much as the malarial fevers which so often prostrate him in the swamps and marshes; for, besides rendering transport difficult and costly, it places him at the mercy of the savage negro chieftains of the interior, who, by refusing to provide carriers, can render his journey abortive.

Thus indirectly the tsetse fly may be regarded as the ruler of the Dark Continent, although, happily, his power is waning, for when pioneers have done their work, and received the fiercest of the onslaught, the elephant and other big game retreat to more secure quar-

ters, whither the fly follows, to be again encountered with certain loss by the progressive white man, but to be eventually exterminated, together with the big game with which it is inseparably associated.

From The Spectator.

PRESENCE OF MIND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR, — Your paper, in the *Spectator* of December 16th, on the courage and command over the French Assembly exhibited by M. Dupuy, recalls a scene of over half a century ago, the facts of which have never been known to even a score of persons. Some survive in London who can recall the magnificent Chinese museum, collected by Mr. Nathan Dunn, a munificent merchant of Philadelphia and Hong Kong, which was first located in Philadelphia, and then brought to London in the early years of the queen's reign. It was intended as a donation to the public, but was unfortunately burned. The building first erected (now the site of the Philadelphia Continental Hotel) for this display of the treasures of the then sealed kingdom, had an upper room which was about thirty-five feet high, and very long and narrow. In the centre part of this immense auditorium was collected one evening about three thousand persons. At near nine o'clock, the manager of the building came to the leader of the meeting, white with affright, and told him that the floor had sunk nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tenants of the joists might be out of their sockets. The floor would then fall through on to the Chinese museum, and the walls, sixty feet in height, would collapse and be precipitated, with the roof, upon the assembly.

This might have caused the death of those present, — the foremost people in Philadelphia. The leader explained to the person whom the audience expected next to hear, that by addressing the assembly from the end of the hall, he could withdraw the company

from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people. The reply to this was that his family was in the audience and that he must get them out first. "*You shall not,*" said the leader; "*a hint of danger — a rush — and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether.*" As a boy in the audience I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood — the organ-loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front, the flooring rose six inches. The people were entertained, partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a voice without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed. Not a single individual in that great assembly was aware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. Three thousand persons were saved from being buried under two sidewalls sixty feet high, pressed down by a heavy roof. The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the consequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the failure of the courage of this man. All use of the room was, of course, suspended till it was effectually strengthened. So well was the secret kept, that I only learned it long afterwards; and I am confident that, excepting the speaker referred to and the manager of the building, no one outside the immediate family of the man whose courage prevented this catastrophe has known the whole story till now. The terror of those minutes before the crowd was moved and the floor rose towards its level, was such, that he never, even in his own family, alluded to the scene, though he lived for forty years afterwards. I know not if the self-possession of M. Dupuy, when the bomb exploded in the French Assembly, was greater than this hitherto unknown act of heroism. I am, Sir, etc.,

R. P. S.

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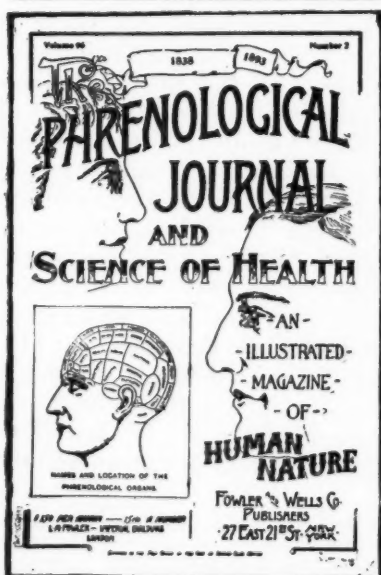
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